Sixties' Drug Activist TIM LEARY Interviewed

HEAVY METAL

October 1983
$2.25

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

Could it be? By George, it is! After a six month quest, a newsstand that hasn't sold out of Heavy Metal!

Don't be without this month's *Heavy Metal* like this guy almost was.

When traveling around the globe, it's not as easy as one might think to find an issue of *Heavy Metal*. Selling like hotcakes, *Heavy Metal* is not always attainable at the corner shop. One snip of the coupon below, and your monthly issue will be sent wherever you please. Take a moment, and insure your delivery of a year's (or two, or three) worth of the world's foremost adult illustrated fantasy material.

Heavy Metal, Dept. 383
325 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Three years (36 issues), regular price $39.00. Now only $29.00 (80¢ per issue)
Two years (24 issues), regular price $32.00. Now only $22.00 (92¢ per issue)
One year (12 issues), regular price $19.00. Now only $14.00 ($1.16 per issue).

Please enter my *Heavy Metal* subscription for
3 years ____ 2 years ____ 1 year ____
Payment enclosed $ ____

Charge to my
MasterCard # ____ MasterCard Interbank # ____
Visa # ____ Exp. Date ____

Signature ____
Name ____
Mailing address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____

Checks must be payable within U.S. or Canada. Add $5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

If you do not wish to cut the coupon, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order.

THE DRAGONRIDERS of PERN
$25.85 in Combined Publishers' Editions
YOURS FREE
WITH MEMBERSHIP
The DRAGONRIDERS of PERN
One mammoth edition including all 3 novels:
Dragonflight, Dragonquest, and The White Dragon
plus free carryall!

4125 Pub. ed. $14.95 | 7328 Pub. ed. $15.95 | *8262 Pub. ed. $14.95 | 8986 Pub. ed. $16.95 | 8182 Spec. ed. | 3061 Pub. ed. $14.95 | 0497 Hardcover. Pub. ed. $14.95 | 12295 Spec. ed. | *4838 Pub. ed. $12.95

*6216 Pub. ed. $15.95 | 8629 Pub. ed. $14.50 | *8284 Pub. ed. $19.95 | 1870 Pub. ed. $14.95 | *8867 Pub. ed. $16.95 | 8271 Foundation; Foundation and Empire; Second Foundation. Pub. ed. $17.85 | 7885 Spec. ed. | 5457 Spec. edition; One Adept; Juggernaut. Comb. pub. ed. $24.85 | 8150 Fortieth Elem. Hard-bound. A Klan. Spec. ed.

7195 Spec. ed. | 8134 Pub. ed. $14.95 | 2818 Spec. ed. | 2834 Pub. ed. $8.95

TAKE ANY 4 FOR $1
WITH MEMBERSHIP

and get *The Dragonriders of Pern* FREE plus a FREE carryall!

4815 All 3 Anne Mccaffrey novels. 2-vols. Comb. pub. ed. $37.70

8538 Eleven Worlds, Tales from the Vulcan Universe. Shadows of Sanctuary. Spec. ed.

4253 All 4 Diamond books: Lilith, Centaurus, Dayne, and Madness. Spec. ed.

7705 Murder and Magic; The Many Magicians; Lord Darcy Investigates. Spec. ed.

Science Fiction Book Club®

Dept. ER-344, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

I want the best SF in or out of this world! Please accept my application for membership in the Science Fiction Book Club. Send me the 4 books I have numbered in the boxes below plus my free book and carryall and bill me just $1 (plus shipping and handling). I agree to the Club Plan as described in the ad. I will take 4 more books at regular low Club prices in the coming year and may resign any time thereafter. The FREE book and carryall will be mine to keep whether or not I remain a member. SFBC offers serious works for mature readers.

FREE BOOK #3815	1.	2.	3.	4.

Mr. Mrs. _____
(Please print)

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

If under 18, parent must sign _____

The Science Fiction Book Club offers complete hardbound editions sometimes printed in size to fit special presses and save you even more. Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Canada. Offer slightly different in Canada.

How the Science Fiction Book Club works:

When your application for membership is accepted, you'll receive your choice of any 4 books on this page for only $1 (plus shipping and handling) and a free copy of *The Dragonriders of Pern*. You may examine them in your home and, if not completely satisfied, return your 4 books within 10 days—membership will be cancelled and you'll owe nothing. The FREE book and carryall will be yours to keep whether or not you remain a member. About every 4 weeks (13 times a year) we'll send you the Club's bulletin, *Things to Come*, describing the 2 coming Selections and a variety of Alternate choices. In addition, up to 4 times a year you may receive offers of special Selections, always at low Club prices. If you want the 2 Selections, you need do nothing. They'll be shipped automatically. If you don't want a Selection, prefer an Alternate, or no book at all, just fill out the convenient form always provided, and return it to us by the date specified. We allow you at least 10 days to make your decision. If you do not receive the form in time to respond within 10 days and receive an unwanted Selection, you may return it at our expense. As a member you need take only 4 Selections or Alternates during the coming year. You may resign any time thereafter, or remain a member as long as you wish. One of the 2 Selections each month is only $3.98. Other Selections are slightly higher, but always much less than hardcover publishers' prices—up to 65% off. A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments. Send no money now, but do mail the coupon today!

Applicable sales and language may be different in some. Note: Prices shown are publishers' edition prices.

SFBC 52200

Editor: Julie Simmons-Lynch

Art Director: John Workman

Associate Editor: Lou Stathis

Computing Editor: Steven Maioli

Associate Art Director: Bill Yoshimoto

Foreign Rights Manager: Christine Miner

Production Manager: Camilla Russo

Assistant Production Manager
Kate Gallagher

Circulation Director: George Apostle, Sr.

Associate Publisher/Advertising Director
Robert B. Ross

Editorial Director and Publisher
Leonard Mogel

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (USPS 378-970): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc. ©1983 HM Communications, Inc. 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semifiction is purely coincidental.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return postage must accompany submissions; otherwise, return of artwork is not guaranteed.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. $19.00 paid annual subscription, $32.00 paid two-year subscription, and $39.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Add $5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber, please send change of address to Circulation Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* Robert B. Ross, Advertising Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022, (212) 888-4070. *Midwest:* Quarshie & Company, Plaza Plaza, 405 North Wabash, Chicago, IL 60611, (312) 670-5800. *West Coast:* Jim McGinley, **Scott, Marshall, Sands & McGinley**, 3700 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 500, Los Angeles, CA 90010, (213) 382-6348. Dick Sands, **Scott, Marshall, Sands & McGinley**, 433 California Street, Suite 505, San Francisco, CA 94104, (415) 421-7350. *Southern Offices:* **Brown & Co.**, 5180 Roswell Road, Marietta, GA 30062, (404) 998-2889.

HM COMMUNICATIONS is a subsidiary of National Lampoon, Inc.

Inc_MaCsA

Chairman **Matty Simmons**
President **Julian L. Weber**
Chairman of the Executive Committee
Leonard Mogel
Sr. Vice-President **George E. Apostle, Sr.**
Vice-President, Advertising Sales **Sherry Hardie**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales
Howard Jurofsky
Controller **Debra Bruno**

CONTENTS

HEAVY METAL OCTOBER 1983 VOL VII, NO. 7

Dossier, edited by **Lou Stathis**, 3

Ranxerox, by **Tamburini**. Illustrated by **Liberatore**, 12

June 2050, by **Jerry Bingham**, 21

Tex Arcana, by **John Findley**, 22

I'm Age, by **Jeff Jones**, 30

Lolla, by **Marcelé and Lacome**, 31

Chain Mail, 41

Interview with Timothy Leary: Cheerleader for Change, by **Michael Simmons**, 42

Nimble Fingers, by **Rodolphe**. Illustrated by **Didier Eberoni**, 47

HM's Star Dissections, by **Drew Friedman**, 53

Gallery: Enki Bilal Enters the World of Hardcore Science Fiction, 54

The Elevator, by **Pepe Moreno**, 62

The Odyssey, by **Francisco Navarro**. Illustrated by **José Martin Sauri**, 69

The Third Song: God's Tower, by **Jodorowsky**. Illustrated by **Arno**, 78

Rock Opera, by **Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.**, 92

The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner**, 96

Front cover, by **Royo**

Back cover, by **Liberatore**

"The Third Song: God's Tower," by Arno and Jodorowsky, and "Nimble Fingers," by Eberoni are © Metal Hurlant, Paris.
"Lolla," by Marcelé and Lacome © Dargaud Editeur, France.
"Ranxerox," by Tamburini and Liberatore © Alain Michel, France.
All other copyrights are held by individual artists, agents, and/or representatives.

DOSSIER

"Film should move the way relationships do—at first, you hone in on a person, then you get to see them in a more whole and objective way."

D.A. Pennebaker at the crossroads of life.
Photo by Robin Holland.

REALING AND ROCKING

It's not at all odd that both Dylan and Bowie have resurfaced at the same time—Bowie (a theatrical, professional chiseled, angelic-but-demonic and, finally, unfathomable Dylan (a rough, raw, tortured, soulful, demonic-but-angelic in his spirituality—and again, completely unfathomable. Perhaps what can't be known about them is what has helped the two bring rock music closer to high culture than anyone else has. What is real is so inconsistent it can't be known. Their work represents the organic/chaotic process of the unfolding depths of personality. That may sound nostalgically Zen and times, but no other rock musicians have ever been taken so seriously.

Filmmaker **D.A. Pennebaker** has managed to fathom them both in two impossibly intimate, objective film portraits—and both, coincidentally, will be re-released this fall. **Don't Look Back**, the documentary of Dylan's 1965 English tour (the movie played to packed houses, too, in 1967), and **Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars**, a 1973 documentary of a halcyon Bowie/Ziggy tour. (It was re-released for a showing at Cannes this year and caused a big stir.)

Pennebaker also made the best rock concert film ever, the 1968 **Monterey Pop**, which brought the remaining rock icons, Joplin and Hendrix, to public fruition. Pennebaker's art parallels that of the personalities he's unclothed; he's single-handedly brought rock filmmaking closer to an artform. What makes his eye so special is that he doesn't have one. He has no process but process itself. He has no preconceived film—no script, no plot, no nothing. He just shoots.

The fifty-six year old "Penney" (he will not be called anything else) stumbled into filmmaking after a stint as a Yale-trained electrical engineer. He made documentaries for Time, Inc. in the late fifties and got caught up in the tide of a movement called "cinema verité," in which one covered a story as it happened —a new thing, prior to TV-consciousness. In 1964, Pennebaker went into business with friend Richard Leacock to make and distribute their own films. My recent talk with "Penney" leads me to believe his process of making music films is still the same and the best—unfathomable. The films are completely inconsistent and very real—all the more interesting in contrast to the glitz of most rock films and videos.

—Merle Ginsberg

Hit: How do you get these incredible egos—Dylan, Bowie, etc.,—to not act for the camera?

DAP: You don't think about it that way. A feature director would work that way—"How should I make 'em seem natural?" I don't give a fuck what they want to do. If they don't want to be natural, it's their problem. You can't tell them anything—if you direct them, you're lost. If you get somebody who's doing something in their life that they think is important, they can't think what I do is much more important. I say to them, "Okay, I just want to film," and I never ask any questions. If I asked Dylan, "Why'd you change your name from Bob Zimmerman to Bob Dylan?" it would be madness. He'd turn right off.

Hit: Is the filming by mishap? Is this an organic method? Is this Zen?

DAP: Maybe. It's a little like treasure hunting—you're going out to hunt the unicorn, something fragile. If you find it, you're entitled to film it. If you fuck it up—well, that's it. You've constantly got to understand what you've found. You can't misuse it. I'm looking for entertainment people, not to proselytize. I don't have any special insights into Dylan; I can't explain him very well. I can tell you what happened. You could make the judgments as well as I can. If Henry Fonda narrated a piece on water supply, people assumed he was an authority on the subject. People assume what's in print and in the movies is the truth. You've got to get away from structure because people believe it. You do that with bad lighting, hand-held cameras; you can't make the process more important than the person. The person is the process. You never say, "That take was good, but let's do a better one."

Hit: Do you think the most interesting thing in the world is somebody's personality?

DAP: Sure. Absolutely. The most fantastic thing in the world is falling in love. With your work, or a person, or a place. And it may only last five seconds or your lifetime—there's constantly danger and adventure there. That's what excites me. That's why anything scripted bores me. That's why sports are so interesting—people are always fighting all the forces up against them. Sports are just a metaphor.

Hit: Your process of non-process seems deliberate and a reaction against structure—but it also sounds like you just wanted to see what would happen in specific scenarios.

DAP: It's more the latter. It's easier to risk things with a camera than with your life.

Hit: That's the opposite of anything anyone knows about filmmaking.

DAP: Maybe that's 'cause I never studied filmmaking. I never thought there were any rules. What I learned was from painting and poetry, and people who were rule-breakers. Filmmaking itself is mostly a business.

Hit: You seem to fight against that.

DAP: I do. There's too much money involved. People have

Bob Dylan before he found Jesus and became serious.

D.A. Pennebaker gets ready to shoot the cigarette out of Dylan's mouth during the filming of *Don't Look Back*.

"In film there's only one rule: never be obvious."

obeyed the rules set up by films that are big investments. Some films are made just so some guy can get a job. People say to me, "You're lighting looks different." Well, there is no lighting.

HM: Don't you make any decisions, or conscious choices?

D&P: *Don't Look Back* is edited chronologically. So's *Ziggy*, really. In *Ziggy*, the first shot of Bowie is the first close-up I did of him. That was the first time I ever looked at him. You make a lot of decisions about a face the first time you see it. First looks are remembered. That's not foolish—eyesight can do a lot of work for you; you recognise people with whom you'd be sympathetic. After the initial close-ups, I seem—and this is sort of unconscious—to work away from the zoom lens, the telephoto lens; till at the end of the film, I'm working almost entirely with a wide-angle lens. Film goes through the personality process. That's the way it should move; the way relationships do—at first you hone in on a person, then you get to see them in a more whole and objective way.

HM: Sounds very natural.

D&P: It is. I never tried to understand it too much. People should do things, and not care what anyone thinks. I think I still have a lot of the habits I had when I was a writer—I couldn't really write, but I loved doing it.

HM: Your films have a literary sense.

D&P: My father was a successful photographer, and I never wanted to be one. The idea of painting a camera at things seemed like the most boring thing in the world. Shooting film has to be a throwaway process. And the process of editing is the process of writing.

HM: I hear *Ziggy* went over really big at Cannes.

D&P: Yeah. It's changed a little bit. We remixed it. It's in stereo.

HM: How did you get hooked up with Bowie?

D&P: Same way I got hooked up with Dylan—their managers just called me up, out of nowhere. With the *Ziggy* film, I got to England on a Friday night, and we shot the Sunday performance. If you work with the right people, it's like a bank job—you come out saying, "Look what I've got! What'd you get?"

HM: Are you some sort of artistic anarchist?

D&P: No. I'm bent on getting the jewels, not on smashing them to bits after I've gotten them. I love working with good people. But I don't believe in hierarchy—if you've got a director, the cameraman is always trying to please him, not do what he thinks is best.

HM: How did you get so involved with the music world? Because of its energy?

D&P: That's a good reason, but not the reason. I just love music. I bought records with my allowance as a kid, and I've got 4500 45's at home now. I went to college, got a job, started a business, tried painting and writing. Luckily, I fell into film, and then it became all I cared about. I wanted to make films. I knew, but I didn't want to film anything in particular. Then I remembered music. The first film I made was a five-minute piece to Ellington music. It's about music. All the films I've made have a musical feeling—closer to music than film, than documentary. It's a complex structure, with hills and valleys—everything I do sets up the possibility of what I can do next, but there's still the element of surprise. That's very musical. In film, there's only one rule—never be obvious. In music, it's the same. The ideal thing in film is to get a person where they're looking at a perfectly black screen with nothing on it—black leader—and they see something there; they're meeting you halfway. In a couple of films, I cut to black leader. I want people to populate my films.

HM: The way you handle time in your films is very musical.

D&P: Yeah, the up and down thing. Time moves so fast on a film, it keeps you honest. The perfect picture is just not going to happen. Prettiness bothers me a little in film—I distrust prettiness in pictures. It's too easily arrived at—that's obviousness. What sunset would you turn away from your beloved to look at? It's the wrong direction for the human mind to go in, decoration.

HM: You shot twenty hours of Dylan footage for *Don't Look Back*. Where's the stuff we haven't seen?

D&P: In vaults. I could sell it as stock footage, but I have no interest. All the right people to see it are dead. Like Edie (Sedgwick). I shot a lot of film with Edie, did you know that? She was around my studio a lot. She was so smart and so stupid about her life. I told her if she wanted to be a rocket, she couldn't be anything else. She knew that, but she was completely devoted to acting her life out—that's what makes this kind of filming possible. The camera is the least of it.

HM: You seem compelled to document what you do.

D&P: Yeah. You know, Dylan's scene in 1965 was like Byron's in Pisa at the height of his notoriety. I'd love to have been able to film what went on there. Dylan has an incredible spiritual reserve. The only way for me to look at his scene was to film it.

HM: You work with your family; your son runs the business, your wife is a film editor. Is that to enhance the personal qualities of the films?

D&P: It's a little goofy. I don't want some business manager coming in, so I do a lot of that kind of work. I don't have to be a filmmaker one hundred percent of the time—a quarter of the time is enough. I don't have contracts with my wife and son. The only way that works is joint custody. I refuse to sign deals to preclude arguments—we only agree to start a film. If we disagree or something, we fucking disagree. Disagreeing makes things happen.

HM: You seem rather egoless.

D&P: No, not completely—my ego is like a musician's. Whatever he does is only part of a piece, but it can still be fucking marvelous.

HATCHETING HARLAN

This news just in on our publishing hotline: Ace Books is reissuing the collected works of former *enfant terrible* **Harlan Ellison**, in a matched set of paperbacks with snazzy-jazzy new covers by Barclay Shaw (see June *HM* cover). Alas, the graphics are the freshest thing about this series—retrograde writing that promises to make a splash in the publishing world as big as that made by Linda Lovelace's autobiographical tearjerker, *Ordeal*!

Harlan Ellison was an oft-wunderkind who faded from prominence in the mid-seventies after publishing a last stab at respectability—*Deathbird Stories* (1975). In a twenty-seven year career, Ellison has written only one novel of any particular note—the flawed **Web of the City** (1958)—and gained a certain infamy with teenagers throughout the sixties by writing schlocky sf featuring sadly misunderstood heroes, a trashy melodramatic style, girls with big tits, and gratuitous use of cliches to establish his premises.

The Ellison oeuvre covered in this series—the literary equiv-

"Does Ellison's ego really demand that even the weakest of his earlier works reappear in print?"

Harlan Ellison. No short jokes, please.
Photo by Michael J. Elderman Photoworks.

item of retread beans—begins with the vintage 1961 ***Gentleman Junkie and Other Stories of the Hung-Up Generation*** (note: for those unsure "The Hung-Up Generation" is an archaic term referring to teenagers who lived with incessant and without Grandmaster Flash). In many ways this was Ellison's most painful book, since it clearly showed the promise he failed to realize. You see, Ellison was capable of telling a good story, setting a vivid scene, writing dialogue with the occasional ring of truth—but somewhere along the line he failed to integrate these skills and write fiction that really worked.

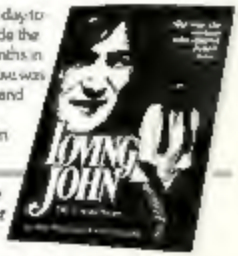
The book's best story remains "Gentleman Junkie," which, ironically, also pinpoints the tendencies that were to later overpower Ellison. The middle-class ethical ruminations of a New York street "on the Jones" are here chronicled in the pan-

Loving John
The Untold Story
by May Pang and Henry Edwards

She was the Lennons' personal assistant before she became John's long time lover. Now for the first time, she is telling her story. *Loving John* is May Pang's never before published intimate account of her life with John and Yoko, of John Lennon's tempestuous relationship with his wife, of the powerful influence Yoko had on John's life and music, of their stormy eighteen month separation... all from the point of view of the woman Yoko personally chose to begin *Loving John*.

"The Hottest Thing Around. A Weird Love Triangle for Our Times..." It will shock you as it shows you Lennon at both his best and worst: the flashes of genius, the all-night recording sessions, the drugs, the chaos, the bouts of violence, the intimate details of John and Yoko at the Dakota. The Lennon's whims were May Pang's commands, and no matter how strange, May followed them.

Loving John captures Lennon's hectic day-to-day life from his paranoid isolation inside the Dakota to his and May's cash poor months in California to the love affair that, until now, was the rock world's biggest secret—a firsthand account that every rock fan must read. It includes over 40 private photos taken by May Pang.



"Sizzling... Beatles fans will love the details... [the] friendships with other Beatles, Elton John, Mick Jagger, David Bowie, Phil Spector, Harry Nilsson, etc...."—Liz Smith, syndicated columnist

The most revealing book on John Lennon ever written.

To order, send check or money order for $10.20 in U.S.A. or $12.00 in Canada (includes postage and handling) to:
Henry Mead
Dept. 1060
666 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022
Please allow four to six weeks for delivery.
Please specify title of book and #R 37018-6

A Quality Paperback

WARNER BOOKS

dering, overblown style that was to become an Ellison trademark. The shrink twists and jerks his way through this dreadful piece with "skin crawling," "belly heaving," "fear licking at his spine," and (I just love this one) "the hobnailed boots of the moon stepping on the exposed grey of his brain," before he's allowed to score some drugs and lapse into tired sermonizing about physicians healing thyselves.

Further flounderings are exemplified in ***Love Ain't Nothing But Sex Misspelled*** (1968), where sixteen "poisoned arrows" on the subject of modern romance are revealed in all their horror as the puerile stuff wet dreams are made of—wet dreams of the sixties, anyway (we're talking ankle-strap wedgies and giggly chicks in miniskirts here). As far as I can tell, there's no "best" story to this collection; just one moldy oldie after another, from a sexist middle-aged-writer-meets-eighteen-year-old-twinkle-twat-and-looks-on-with-hardened-cynicism yarn to a rehashed *Sgt. Rock* tale about some GI slogging through an underground labyrinth filled with scary pre-conscious images (very Jungian, if you know what I mean). The only successful image this collection evokes, though, is one of the Great Writer hammering away at his typewriter, turning a sow's ear into a sow's ear.

But don't go away, fans! There's much, much more to this Ellison wonderland, including ***Partners in Wonder*** (1971), little more than first drafts for some pretty nifty sf collaborations with some of the field's greater writers; the unforgettable ***I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream*** (1967), another volume of slipshod and manipulative stories called ***Paingod and Other Delusions*** (1965), and two volumes of journalistic pap about forgotten television called ***The Glass Teat*** (1970), and—surprise!—***The Other Glass Teat*** (1975). Twelve books in all.

Which leaves us with three questions: can thrill hysteria, faulty characterization, and dated sexual innuendo win over an audience that is fully twenty years more sophisticated than the first time some of these works appeared? Does Ellison's ego really demand that even the weakest of his earlier works reappear in print? And more to the point, does Harlan Ellison have any life left?

—Gus Polakos

"Tell them there is no Jay Ward!"

MOOSE APPEAL

Fan mail from some flounder?

No, here's something really important . . . the world's most famous moose and squirrel are back, stars of an ITCA Videodisc anthology commemorating their twenty-fifth birthday. Now you don't have to get up at an ungodly hour on Sunday mornings to catch the funniest, most durable cartoons in TV history; ***Bullwinkle & Rocky & Friends*** (Volume One) conveniently compiles classics like the twelve-episode "Wossamotta U" football saga, and the first installments of "Dudley Do-Right" and "[Mr.] Peabody's Improbable History."

However, tracking down the man behind the moose—creator/producer ***Jay Ward***—for a little of his own history proves to be a more improbable prospect. It's certainly not because his studio is inaccessible; in fact, it's practically on L.A. landmark. Just 'round the curve on Sunset Boulevard that separates Hollywood and Beverly Hills, there stands Rocky and Bullwinkle, bigger than life and looking slightly worse for the wear. Jayne Mansfield cracked a ceremonial bottle of champagne over the twenty-foot statue during the height of their popularity in the early sixties, and today they stand guard over the cottage industry of Jay Ward Productions.

A sign on the front office door bears the following legend: "If locked, please knock loudly to summon elves in rear," a quaint reminder of the gentle, sometimes corny humor that underscores the wild parody of Ward's comedy style. Inside, there's a clutter of pencil sketches, animation cels, and curios, including a

HOWARD FINDS HIMSELF IN A CAR, DRIVEN BY A BLIND MAN...
HI, FOLKS! I'VE JUST HITCHED A RIDE WITH THE CHARACTERS FROM PHIL VEN'S PAPERBACK, CALLED "FRANK ON THE FARM"!
I'M FRANK, A TALKING UNICORN WHO DOESN'T SAY MUCH.
I'M CAZICO, A FRUSTRATED TIBETAN CAT-TOONIST WHO WANTS TO GET BOOKTROUT DROWNING CATS.
I'M CAZICO'S GIRLFRIEND SUSHANA, WHO RATHER DIE IN SEATTLE.
I'M ANGEL, A BLIND VIETNAM VET WHO WANTS TO PROVIDE AGRICULTURAL THERAPY FOR BURNT-OUT URBAN BUREAUCRATS.
HOWARD TREATS AN UNWISH AUDIENCE TO A DISCUSSION OF HIS COMPANIONS' RECENTLY PUBLISHED ADVENTURES...
THE PLOT WANDERS THITHER AND YON, STOPPING OFF FOR A SKILL HERE, AN ALLEGORY THERE, AND INTERMITTENT EARNEST BAPS BY MELLOW SOCIAL UNDERDOGS!
SHOULD YOUR ATTENTION DRIFT, THERE ARE ABUNDANT SMART GAGS SCATTERED AWAY IN THE ELABORATE SCENERY!
HERE'S ONE NOW!
YEH'S HAND DOESN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF RIDICULE FATHOM!
HOWARD DRAWS SIGNS OF CULTURAL DISINTEGRATION DUE TO YEARS OF NEW YORK LIFE...
I ADMIT TO SOME DISSATISFACTION WITH RAY'S PHYSICAL AND IMAGINE PERSONALITY! HE MAINLY LISTENS TO OTHER PEOPLE TALK, OR JUST STROLLS OFF TO PLAY GOLF!
WHO IS THIS HORNED HORSE, ANYWAY? I SHOULDN'T WORRY, HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'D PACK A PISTOL!
...OR WOULD HE?
WHAT A MONSTER! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? LET ME SEE THAT 20¢!
VEH'S COUNTERCULTURAL AMBIENCE HAS PRECIPITATED AN ACID FLASHBACK THAT WREAKS HAVOC ON HOWARD'S ABILITY TO ADHERE TO A LINEAR, COMMENTARY...
GOTTA GET MOOSE AGAIN HELLO, SWEDEN...
HIGH FRANK ON THE FARM IS A SUNNY TRIP THROUGH THE MIND OF A GOOD-HEARTED WEST COAST ARTIST WHO'S FOR HARMONY WITH NATURE AND RESPECT FOR ALL ETHNIC GROUPS. CAN YOU ARGUE WITH THAT? NOT UNLESS YOU'RE A TWISTED EVIL WHO'D GIVE GRANDMA TO A DYING HUMAN!
I SAY MORE POWER TO YA, PHIL! AND DON'T LET 'EM SCREW YA ON THE MORE MINUTE THOSE

The Jay Ward pantheon: Rocky, Bullwinkle, Boris, and Natasha.

"Fun, Jay Ward style, is rigging up a dummy for his daughter's wedding with a continuous tape that says, 'Hi, I'm Jay. Thank you for coming. Please move on down the line.' "

silhouette of the fearless leader nailed as a Jay bird. A handlebar-mustachioed man with an incredible likeness to the aforementioned knick-knack shakes my hand and is out the door before I realize who he is.

"Jay doesn't do interviews," explains "surviving" Rocky & Bullwinkle director Bill Hurtz. "His stock answer to requests is, Tell them there is no Jay Ward! It's not because he's shy or excessively modest, it's because, to him, interviews just aren't fun."

Fun, Jay Ward-style, is rigging up a dummy for his daughter's wedding with a continuous tape that says "Hi, I'm Jay. Thank you for coming. Please move on down the line." Or crashing the White House gates with a sound truck in order to petition statehood for Moravylvania.

So, Hurtz, a jolly Kris Kringle type, obligingly plays meet-the-press, illuminating the origins of TV cartoonery while detailing Ward history. "Jay and Alex Anderson started out on "Crusader Rabbit," which was the first animated show made specifically for TV—not a theatrical cartoon that happened to be shown on TV. Alex was a nephew of Paul Terry (Terrytoons) and had an idea to start an animation studio up in Berkeley shortly after the war. At that time, Jay was in real estate, and Alex was in commercial art. They got Grim Natwick, "the oldest living animator," and recruited others from United Productions of America (UPA).

"UPA was made up of a group of Disney strikers, and during the war they made instructional films. We were scattered by WWII; a number of us were together at Fort Roach (Hal Roach's studio, and birthplace of the Little Rascals) where our company commander was Ronald Reagan, a dashing figure and a Roosevelt-ian Democrat. Lots of artists, writers, and directors—myself included—moonlighted at UPA after the war, and it became the first studio to do contemporary cartoons (Mr. Magoo).

"We all used to race home from UPA to see "Crusader Rabbit" at 5:15 (it was only five minutes long) and thought, 'This Ward guy's pretty funny.' But when he and Anderson got a contract for daily episodes from NBC, they were undercapitalized, and ended up losing the show to other producers."

After "recovering from their wounds" for a couple of years, Ward and Anderson created Bullwinkle Moose (from the name of a Berkeley used-car dealer), and Rocket J. Squirrel, who were very close in concept to Crusader Rabbit and Rags the Tiger. Ward put together a pilot and found a sponsor in General Mills, then joined forces with former Fort Roach apprentice Bill Scott, who became chief writer and the voice of Bullwinkle.

"Rocky and Bullwinkle was one of the first 'runaway' productions—almost all of it was animated in Mexico City," Hurtz continues. "I was hired to go down there and take care of quality control. Of course, the Mexican animators didn't speak English, so we had recordings of the soundtrack and Spanish phonetics on the track readings (frame-by-frame breakdowns that are used to shape the mouths of the speaking characters). And they did pretty well, despite their limitations."

Though the boss's first criterion for hiring artists—"do they draw funny?"—was universally satisfied, at times the Ward characters—most notably Dudley Do-Right's Nell—approached grotesque caricature. Segments like "Fractured Fairy Tales" and "Aesop and Son"—which didn't rely on continuing characters—allowed a greater opportunity for adventuresome visuals and the bold, naughty-greeting-card graphics that sometimes resulted are unique in the history of animation. Ward's love of silent movies (which climaxed in "Fractured Flickers," a clever collage of old movie clips hosted by Hans Conried) surfaces in "Rocky & Bullwinkle"'s cliffhanger serialization, and "Dudley Do-Right"'s title cards and irised scene changes. Puns, parodies, and caricatures of famous names and places made even the oldest material seem incredibly hip. Some of the spoofery did not go unnoticed; although Walt Disney never reacted to the episode in which he was featured ("Sleeping Beautyland"), Red Skelton insisted that Bullwinkle was a rip-off of his now barely remembered Clem Cadiddlehopper, and "Candid Camera" co-host Derwood Kirby was miffed by Bullwinkle's participation as a contestant in the Kirwood Derby.

Vocal characterizations were, perhaps, the program's most distinctive and inimitable feature, and recording sessions were, by all accounts, hysterical. "Paul Frees (Boris Badenov)," Hurtz recalls, "used to reach underneath Bill Conrad's script and set it on fire while he was trying to face through the narration. Conrad went on to play that hefty, deep-voiced TV detective, 'Cannon,' but we always tried to get him to speed things up—like Walter Winchell—because the scripts were always over-long, but also because it created a marvelous atmosphere of suppressed excitement." Veteran actors like Hans Conried (Snidely Whiplash), Charlie Ruggles, and Edward Everett Horton (narrator of "Fractured Fairy Tales") rounded out a cast that was crowned by June Foray (Rocky, Natasha, Nell, and now Smurfette), long-heralded as the "queen of animated voices."

"Rocky & Bullwinkle" first aired in October 1959, and was moved the following season to prime time, preceding "Walt Disney." After a third season, despite its success, General Mills decided that they had enough good material to recycle for future generations of cereal-eating kids. While syndicators handled subsequent reruns, Ward Productions contracted with Quaker Oats to produce fully-animated commercials for munchies like Quake and Cap'n Crunch (at about ten times the average budget for the Bullwinkle cartoons). In 1967 Ward produced the short-lived "George of the Jungle" show for ABC, which featured episodes of "Tom Slick," and "Superchicken." But it's the Quakers that've kept the studio busy—several proposed projects never got past the discussion stage, because "Jay won't do anybody else's characters."

Then again, he hardly needs to. "Rocky & Bullwinkle" is a cultural institution—so much so that even a Moscow TV documentary cited the program's depiction of "those two heels without souls," Boris and Natasha, as potent anti-Soviet propaganda.

RCA promises a second videodisc in early 1984, which will feature two eight-parters, "The Three Mooseketeers," and "Goof Gas Attack," and a generous assortment of Dudleys, Peabodys, Aesops, and Fractured Fairy Tales, totalling two hours. Devoted fans are directed to Mrs. Ward's **Dudley Do-Right Emporium**, a former hamburger stand on the Ward "lot" that was rescued from boisterous bikers in 1971. It offers a full line of memorabilia from wristwatches to baby wear, including hand-painted animation cels, all detailed in a catalog available from: 8218 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, CA 90046.

—David Keeps

"I think *Octopussy* is a better film than *For Your Eyes Only* —we weren't rushed from one scene to another in planning and executing."

perience in the British film industry. Starting as a cutter on Carol Reed's *The Third Man*, he later became a sound editor, and finally a director for British telly-vision, most notably on *Danger Man*, a.k.a. *Secret Agent* (with Patrick McGoohan, another candidate for Bond-dom). An offer from Peter Hunt, director of 1969's *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (with forgotten 007 George Lazenby) led Glen to second unit work on *The Sea Wolves*, *The Wild Geese*, and the aforementioned *Sanders*. I caught up with Glen at his modest suite at The Plaza during the promo tour for *Octopussy*.

—Tom Sciacca

RM: Have you deliberately brought the Bond films back to the original concepts?

JG: That's right. We did this in *For Your Eyes Only* purposefully to get back to that style. The actual intention was to put all the emphasis to spend our money on the action, rather than lavish sets, spaceships or push-button technology. To get back to real people, good motives, good characterizations.

RM: Are you an Ian Fleming fan?

JG: Well, I'm versed in Fleming. For instance, I think *Goldfinger* was a fantastically written book. And the short story *For Your Eyes Only* was based on a a wonderfully written short story. I'm a great admirer of Fleming. I've stuck as closely as I could.

RM: In *Octopussy*, one of the most harrowing, exciting shots was when Bond becomes Superman, hanging on that plane . . . .

JG: That's a funny story. The same guys I used on *Moonraker* had a reel where they walked on a plane in the air. They were so good at it, that (producer) Cubby (Broccoli) asked them to make it look more difficult.

RM: The audience really goes nuts during the pre-title sequence with the Acro-Jet.

JG: That six-minute scene packs in more action than most features do. It was originally written for *Moonraker*, where Bond and the girl escape from Drax's headquarters. It was dropped later, and we eventually used it for *Octopussy*.

RM: One of *Octopussy*'s best fights is the one in the bedroom, where Bond fights from room to room, finally falling into the lake.

JG: Yes, that was difficult to film. The Indian actor playing the main protagonist—who was on the balcony with the bloated yo-yo—fell off the bal-

PUSSY TALK

John Glen (not the astronaut) is a British film director whose high-flying stunts in the last four James Bond films have earned him accolades. Glen is the man who saved Bond from stupidity and mediocrity—dropping the idiot gags in favor of non-stop action and wild situations. His stunt direction and editing—the snow scenes in ***On Her Majesty's Secret Service***, the ski jump chase in ***The Spy Who Loved Me***, the free-fall in ***Moonraker***, and his direction of ***For Your Eyes Only*** and ***Octopussy***—put him in the same league as earlier Bond directors Guy Hamilton and Terence Young in their primes (1962-65).

But who is John Glen? He's a nice guy, but also an expert craftsman with forty years ex-

LEMMY PLAYS VIDEO GAMES
LEMMY PLAYS BASS FOR MOTÖRHEAD, A HEAVY METAL GROUP WHO CLAIM TO BE THE LOUDEST BAND IN THE WORLD. WHEN LEMMY'S NOT STRAINING THE STRINGS HE LIKES TO PLAY A FEW VIDEO GAMES. WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF WE PLAYED A FEW GAMES TOGETHER. UNFORTUNATELY, LEMMY WAS MORE INTERESTED IN THE BRANDY AT THE ARCADE MOBILITY ITEMS THAN THEIR GAMES.
©1985, BY JOHN HOLMSTROM
I WANTA MASK!
LEMMY WANTS A MASK!
WHICH ONE?
JOHN, THIS IS LEMMY!
AHHH!
HI!
SO, LEMMY! THIS PLACE HAS ALL OF THE BRAND NEW GAMES THAT JUST CAME OUT! WHAT SHOULD WE PLAY?
THOSE OVER THERE!
LEMMY PREFERRED PLAYING THE GAMES HE KNEW HE COULD BEAT ME AT, INSTEAD OF TRYING SOMETHING NEW...
SO, UH, LEMMY, WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT VIDEO GAMES?
I DUNNO, IT'S AN ESCAPE... I GET TO PUT MY INITIALS UP!
I TALKED LEMMY INTO PLAYING A ROUND OF VAMPIRE. THE IDEA IS TO BITE SIX WOMEN WHILE AVOIDING NUNS, PRIESTS, AND HOLY WATER.
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?
IT'S ALL RIGHT, BUT THE CONTROLS DON'T WORK WELL..
VAMPIRE
AS SOON AS WE LEFT, LEMMY PERKED UP.
HOW MUCH DO YOU SPEND ON VIDEO GAMES EVERY WEEK?
PLENTY! MY WORST VICE IS FRUIT MACHINES!
FRUIT MACHINES?
YOU KNOW, THE LITTLE WHEELS SPIN AROUND...
OH! ONE ARMED BANDITS!
NO FRUIT MACHINES AROUND, SO HE LEFT..

globals quickly and be ingenious setting up the shots. A

yourself in terms of action or story?

we have a great memory of what we did on the early shot

purposely cut it short rather

JB: It was rough but good value for it. The scenes in the street bazaar were a night

thing and change the style of the films.

Roger Moore and John Glen on the set of *Octopussy*.

"We're a team who've worked on many Bond films together—but we hate to repeat ourselves."

could stand remaking. Again it would be difficult to replace

NAHALLYWOOD

Walter Hill is one of the few truly

Buddy Buddy, **The Man with the Golden Gun**, **The Deer Hunter**, **The Boy Who Cried Bitch**, and **The Bloodbrothers**. He is currently working on **The Drowning Pool**.

Hill: I script something that's then another "the monster is eating my leg" one.

"Buddy" is

noted by critics. **Hard Times** entered

The Warriors

The Long Riders

Cajun cut-ups.

Up until last year, Hill had earned him

buddy flick to date, *48 Hrs.*, wherein

Couple

Streets of Fire

deceiving.

Set in an unnamed time and place,

Streets hero, Tom Cody (Michael Pare) is an iron-jawed drifter (remember The Good, the Bad and the Ugly?)

(Diane Lane). Accompanied by Ellen's

Walter Hill talks.
Photo by Stephen Vaughan.

48 Hrs. style hasn't changed his

but I can always figure out a way around

since guy named Merciless in the Internet film, however, McCoy is all woman.

Tracy will feature some of the comic strip's most infamous villains, pulled in to pilot against the rebel mixed chopper.

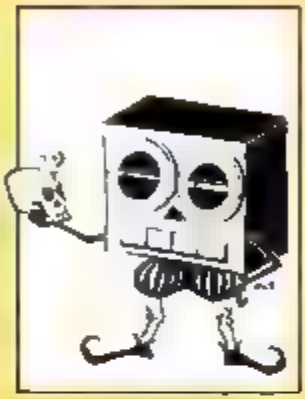
A stop-motion of **Godzilla** is in the works in Canada that figures. Add this to your list of 3-D films **Disciple from Beyond** (currently being planned) **The Hideous Sun Demon—The Sequel**.

Solitaire a comic rewriting of the original film which as you recall was pretty hilarious to begin with. **Two of a Kind** is the title of the **Olivia Newton-John/John Travolta** fantasy comedy being filmed at Fox. And, yes, I am told that Travis and Ice is a **Mad Max III** for **Road Warrior II**, depending on your geographical status; **George Miller** who directed the first two Masterpieces, will only handle the action sequences on the epic with a second director working on the drama. If it goes well with the script Max will ride before the cameras down under next spring.

-Ed Naha

CRYPTICA

Colonel Sander's Secret Recipe • There is a new weapon being used to combat the hordes of evil. The chicken in an effort to cut down the number of collisions between planes and the seagulls that feed on a nearby dump, Langley Air Force Base researchers have developed the "chicken gun" a twenty foot long cannon that shoots a dead fowl around sixteen at speeds up to 700 miles an hour. By firing chickens into test plane engines, windshields, and landing gear an approximation can be made of how much damage a bird-bashing can cause to the plane that is. The chicken gun is being used by civilian planners as well. Watch for reports by Pentagon officials that this is a new form of air defense resulting from budget cut backs!



Atari, Poor Bastard • One of the great social ills of industrialized society: computer and robot unemployment is slowly being rectified. Two areas of work long monopolized by humans, acting and style bartending, are the latest to be targeted by the forces of cybernetic affirmative action. The common movie technique of lip-synching in the studio when originally recorded during a shoot, not one drawback synchronization. The actor must repeat the lines until they fit the original lip motions shot on the set. Now a machine can be directed, we do it for you. Just say the words, and the computer will take over. Much more sleepy and efficiently than a human. The cocktail waitress will access the requested concoction from its memory, and with just the right accent of disdain and sadness. A new way to be or not to be.

• At a sushi restaurant outside Tokyo, customers can now order from computerized menu boards that look like video games set into the counter. Customers indicate the desired items on the menu with a light pen, and the order flashes up on a screen in front of the sushi tender. But that's just the beginning. Another company has introduced sushi robots to roll the rice. Pretty soon there will be sushi cybernauts that prepare your meal while reciting Shakespeare in Japanese to the rhythm of your chewing teeth.

Veit Kaylan

Dr. Dire • Grind a gramophone record into powder and apply it to a snake bite, and you're cured. Or you're crazy. That's what English scientist William Mayne thought after the cook of an African coffee plantation used the lace cure. The cook got better but Mayne was no doctor. He figured that bite wasn't lethal in the first place and the whole thing was a native superstition. Only years later in 1950, while writing a book about headhunting natives, Mayne stumbled across exactly the same remedy. Bewildered by a form record a well known "cure" for snake bite (probably because it has a calming effect and burns off the surrounding skin and flesh). This time the snake was definitely of the lethal variety but the patient recovered. The mystery remains unsolved.

Smoke Ducking • With increasing new laws having many head shops around the country fanatic weed smokers are turning to home made products. One such blend, a calming weed popularly because of its high "tea" simplicity, is the Life Savers pipe. It works like this: first buy one tube of the Savers. Stick a little round filter or screen in the middle with out breaking the pack open and dowel with tape. This prevents bits of weed from getting into the smoker's mouth. Poke a hole in the foil at one end and open up. Open the silver paper of the other end, push in the controlled substance to be consumed and sign. The most commonly preferred flavor is mint, partly because you get marinated marijuana, and partly because other flavors are grosser and stickier. The last have also acts as a great disguise, but you'd better prepare a believable explanation of why you're smoking a pack of Life Savers.

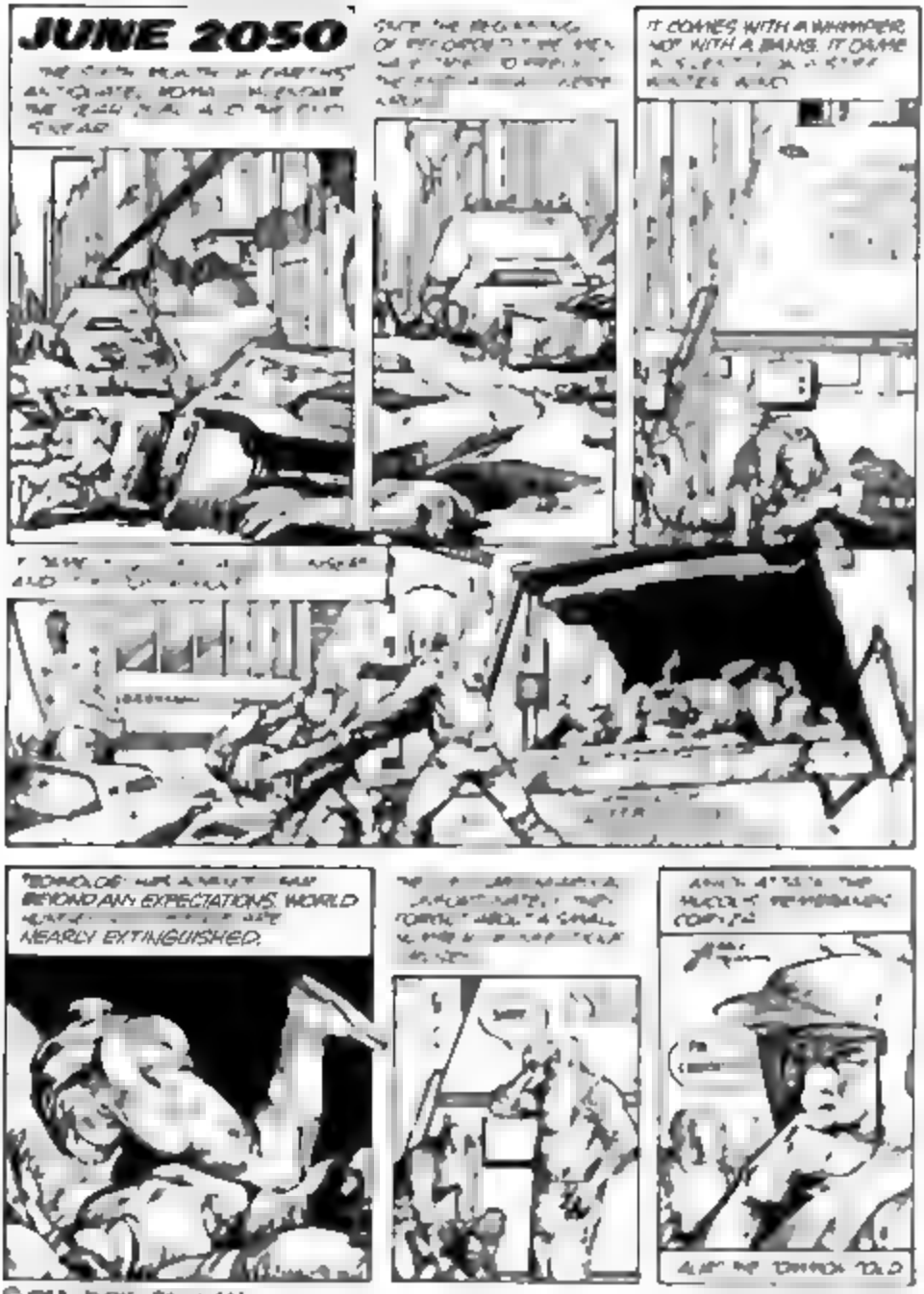
AI TREN!
RAP
SKRUNNNN
RUNXEROX
AAARGH!

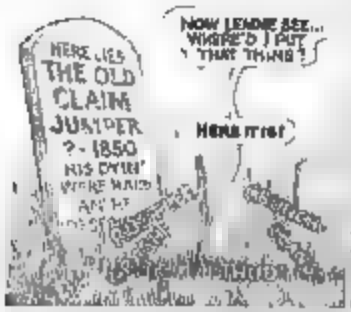
RATA TAT-TA
TAT TA RAT
TAT-TA

SSCHK

ROK
TUND

S AN ALL NEW COMP ATION OF FANTASTIC STORIES
T S JERONATON S SEXY EGYPTIANS, VOSS S SEDUCT VE
PINKY WARNER AND THE VIRGIN SEEKERS. AND CAZA S
ROWDY PRI
T S TALES OF WEIRD WORLDS BY MOEBIUS, LOUSTAL
LIBERATORE AND OTHERS AND IT S MUCH MORE!
IT S HEAVY METAL'S
EVEN HEAVIER METAL
Heavy Metal, Dept. HM 883, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022
Please send me copies of Heavy Metal's Even Heavier Metal @ $2.95 each
(plus $1.00 for postage and handling)
Name
Address
City
State
Zip
(New York State residents please add applicable sales tax.)

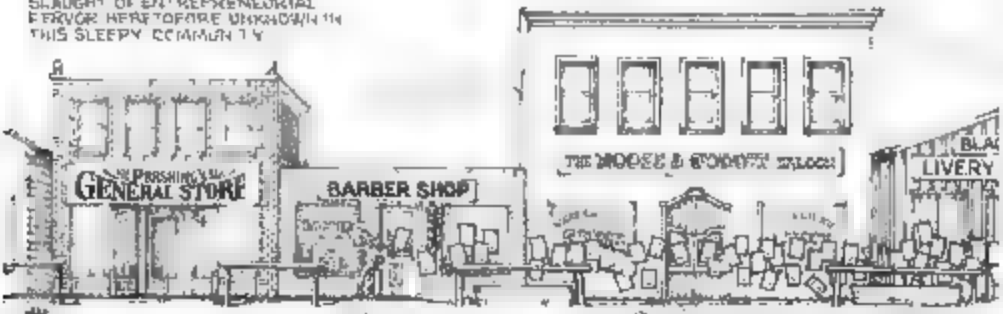

JUNE 2050
IT COMES WITH A WHIMPER, NOT WITH A BANG. IT CAME
BEYOND ANY EXPECTATIONS. WORLD
NEARLY EXTINGUISHED.
AND THAT'S THE
MUCH OF REMEMBRANCE
COPIES
AND THAT CONCLUDES TODAY'S



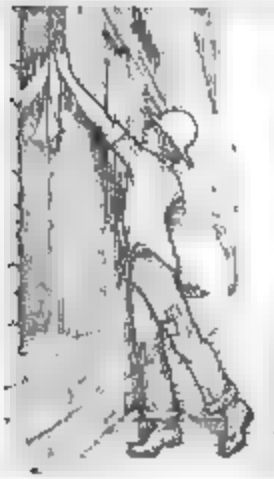
AH, YES, I REMEMBER WELL THE ENDLESS HOURS OF PRACTICE, THE SCREECHING SAW OF BOW UPON STRING, MY MOTHER'S FIRM, SHALL WE SAY, ENCOURAGEMENT

AMERICANA

Meets the Toast of Europe! Part One


IT IS JUST AFTER DAYBREAK AND THE PEOPLE OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS ARE ABOUT TO BE TREATED TO AN ONSLAUGHT OF ENTREPRENEURIAL FERVOR HERETOFORE UNKNOWN IN THIS SLEEPY COMMUNITY
GENERAL STORE
BARBER SHOP
LIVERY

©1981 John Wray



COMING SOON

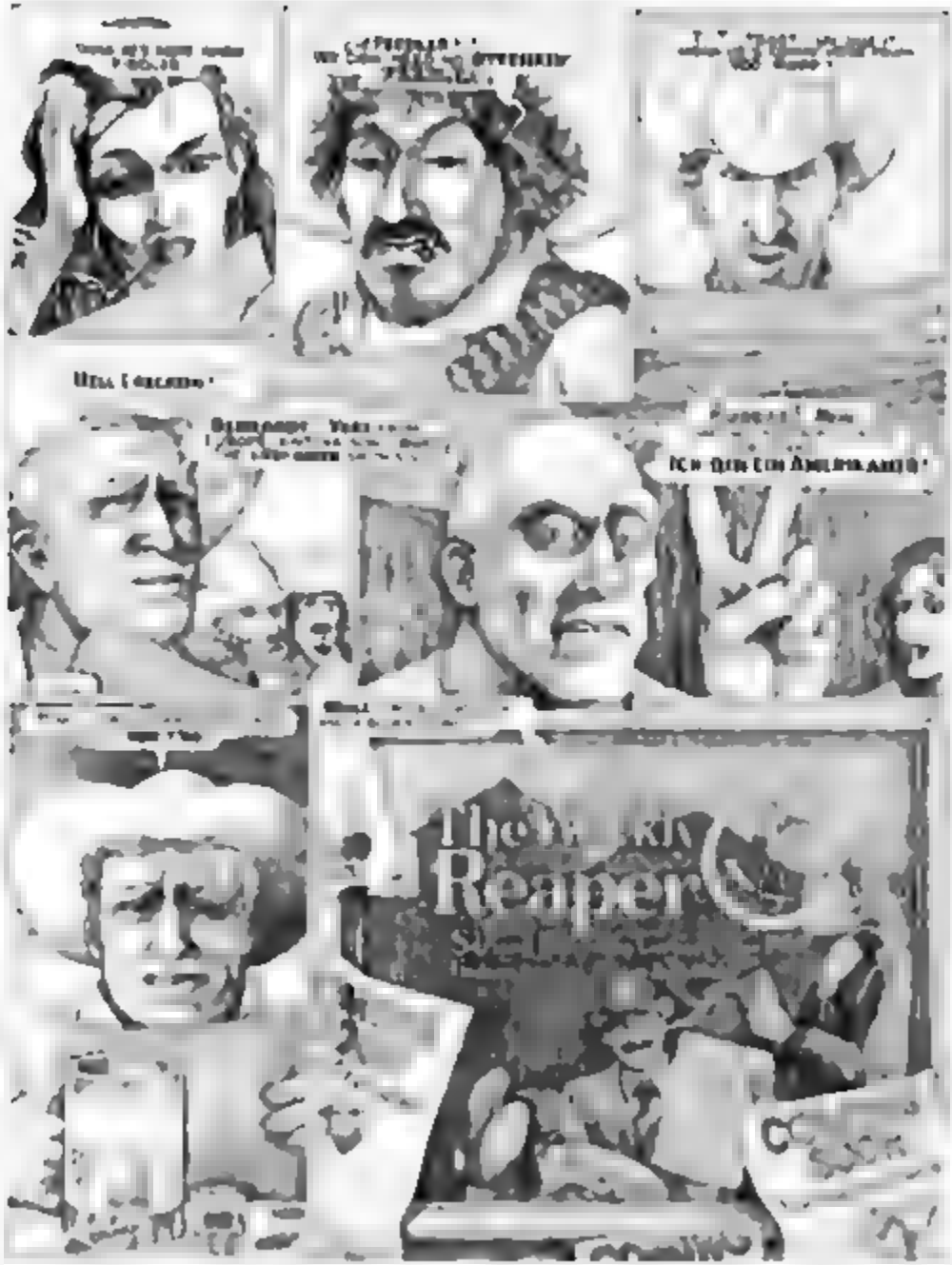
The Toast of Europe!

NUNZIO

PAGANO

VIOLINIST

WHERE'S YA DUE THAT WARD SEIN' RANSOM THESE HERE THINGS UP KID?
SAID HE'D BE BACK THROUGH TOWN TOMORROW AN' HE'D PAY ME THEN
KID, I'M OBLIGED T' FINE YA FER THIS
EASY SHERIFF THE HAYERSTRAWS BIN DIRT FROM ALL THEIR LIVES
DAMMIT DEPUTY BACK OFF AN LET ME HANDLE THIS
SHERIFF PUH-LEAZ! WE NEED TH' MONEY R' WILL LOSE TH' PLACE AN, AN' WE'LL HAFTA GO BACK T' ALABAMA!
LORD HELP!
OH, GOD!
YA'LL JUST BE GIVIN' A SCOOP JEEZ! LISTEN KID OKAY YOU KIN ST ON THE SE DAMN THINGS UP WHEREVER BUT COME DAY AFTER T'MORROW M FININ YOU A NICKEL FER EVERY ONE THAT'S ST LL UP
AND, UH TH TOWN'S PR PARED T' PAY YA TWO CENTS FER EVERY ONE YA TAKE DOWN
NOT THAT!
HERE YA GO
AT THE SAME MOMENT DOWN THE STREET AT MARIA QUINCUESKI'S PLACE
COMING SOON
COMING SOON


Reaper

YA KNOW HOWARD, THERE JUST MIGHT BE SOME KINDA STORY HERE
... Local Boy Blankets Town with Leaflets...
Hunderds BAFFLED!
OH HELL NO! DAMMIT, HOWIE, WHAT'S BECOME O'YER BRAIN?!
NO... I MEAN THIS PARANO GUY
COMING SOON

I'M AGE
SAW A CAVEMAN TODAY
ASKED HIM IF HE EVER DREAMED IN BLACK AND WHITE
HE SAID "WHY WOULD DO THAT?
GUESS IT HASN'T BEEN INVENTED YET
HE SAID "WHAT'S BLACK AND WHITE"
I DREAMED ONCE ABOUT A CLEAN ZEBRA.

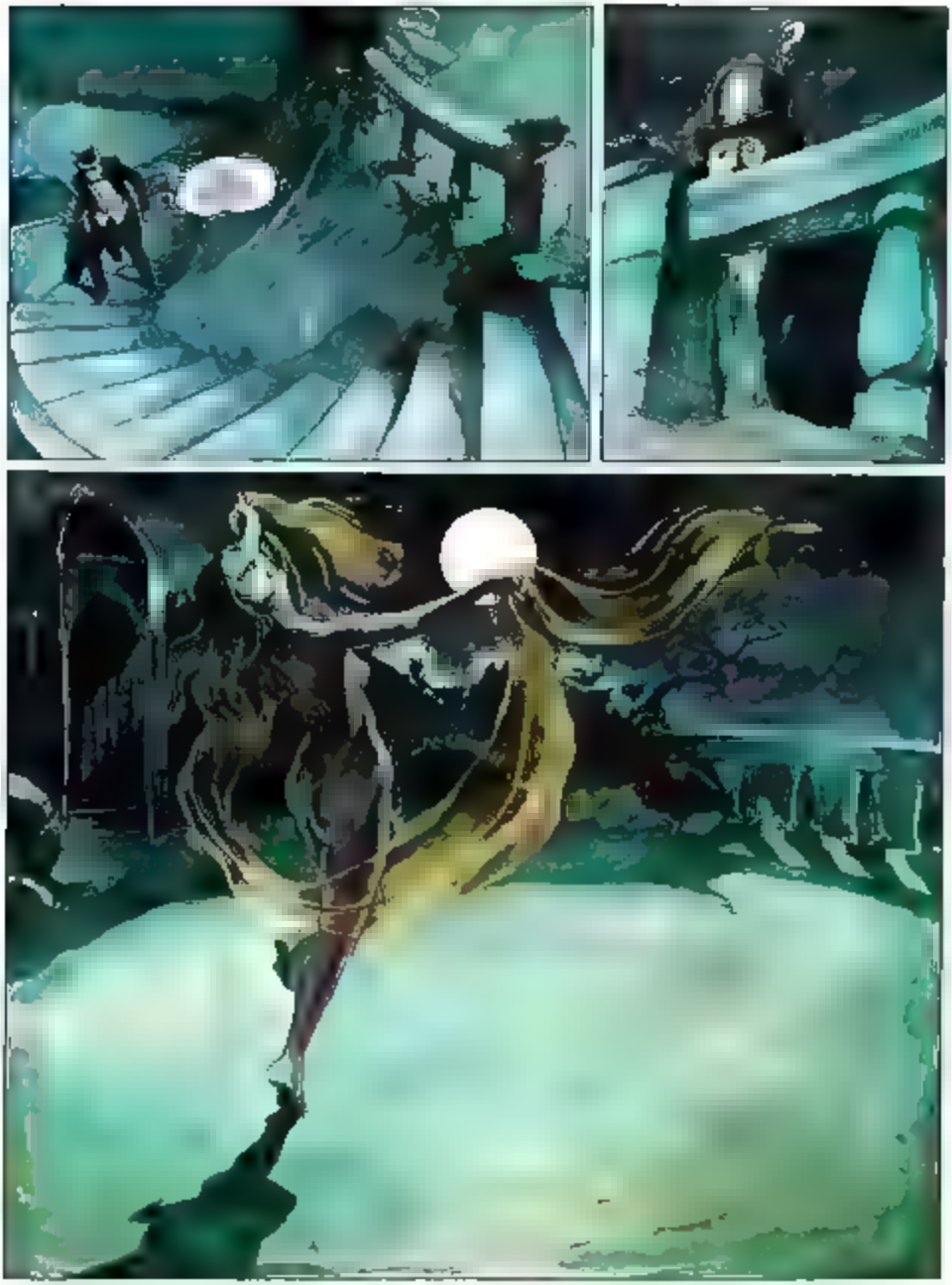
Lolla

AH A DEADLY ZOMBIE KISS AND A LOVE BITE
ALL THE SAME I WOULD REALLY LIKE TO KNOW EXACTLY HOW I MANAGED TO WIND UP IN THIS SITUATION
WELL WELL WELL SEE
HAHA HAHAHA
EEK!
AND WHAT IF THE DOCTOR COMES?

HO HO! HA! OUR
HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
FACTA BEASTIS!
HAIL VOLSUNG!
COME ON, TAKE IT!
OUT TA HERE.

BUT BU I JUST A MEETING WITH
THE TIME HAS COME AND GONE... NO ONE ELSE WILL SHOW UP COME BACK TOMORROW.
COME BACK TOMORROW TO MORROW? I HAVE OTHER THINGS TO DO WITH MY PRECIOUS TIME
HAH! NO MATTER SO ONE WILL BE COMING TONIGHT
O MASIAH EXCUSE ME
DO YOU KNOW WHERE I COULD SPEND THIS NIGHT?
VERY WELL BUT WHERE SHOULD I SPEND THE EVENING?

OH NO. WE ARE VERY HAPPY WITH EACH OTHER. WHY SHOULD WE BOTHER WITH OTHER PEOPLE WHO ONLY POSE PROBLEMS AND QUESTIONS AS YOU
SORRY, DON'T YOU KNOW, BUT WE HAVE IT A LIE
MMMM... TWO PEOPLE E WE ARE SOMEONE ELSE
EH, LIE WE BU... AT YOU KNOW WE A ...ORE ...ROUND HERE?
OH! MMMM... WE DON'T KNOW. WE ARE VERY HAPPY WITH EACH OTHER! NOW
EH, I DO KNOW. JULY TAKES CARE OF EACH OTHER "DON'T YOU KNOW
IT'S SOME WHERE THAT LEAPS
SHIT! I SEEM TO BE ON MY WAY OUT OF THE CITY! I'M COMPLETELY LOST AND THERE IS NO ONE LEFT TO ASK



MADEMOISELLE EXCUSE ME YOU KNOW
NOW YOU KNOW!
DOOM IS YOU MAN!

GOOD THAT'S ENOUGH! HEH!
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, HEH!
HEH! AH, YES! SHE IS BEAUTIFUL
YOU AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO UNDERSTAND! HEH!

IT'S TOO BAD YOU HAVE TO LEAVE HER ALONE
YES, I WAS NEVER ALLOWED NEAR HER
BUT WHO IS SHE?
THEY CALL HER LOLLA. YOU'RE NOT FROM AROUND HERE, HEH?
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
IT'S EASY. YOU ALWAYS KNOW IT'S LOLLA. I KNEW IT AS SOON AS I SAW THE WAY YOU LOOKED AT HER
YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M NOT FROM AROUND HERE. I HAD A PERFECTLY NORMAL LIFE UNTIL ONE SHOWED UP
I HAVE TO GO BACK "DAUGHT" AT EIGHTEEN O'CLOCK. BUT I HAVEN'T SLEPT. I WAS LOOKING FOR A HOTEL BEFORE IT HAPPENED UPON THIS PLACE
COME TO MY HOUSE!

WILL YOU GO BACK AND SEE HER THIS EVENING?
SHE DANCES EVERY NIGHT?
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL STARTING AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK AND GOING ON 'TIL MORNING
NO, I'M AFRAID I WON'T BE ABLE TO. I HAVE A MEET AND AT ELEVEN HUNDRED HRS. I'LL COME AFTERWARDS I'M STOOD UP AGAIN
OH, I KNOW. NO
OK, WHAT YOU WANT
K, WHO

CHAIN MAIL

quintessence of everything *MAD* Magazine

You're right, of course, but I think the absence of good black female characters from these pages is only partly our fault. Basically, we [illegible] people who do fantasy - are bound by what they know, and choose these subjects accordingly. So while they're great with exotic aliens like the heroes are most often white male heterosexuals. I think we should start studying some of

bone, dandy-dork. Glue hasn't done anything for me since the 6th grade. -ts, if [illegible] supposed to be new-wave journalism, I'm sorry, but I'm just flat out making sense of it. Sladek is like a madman having a stroke - he's all over the place. Suggestion, put a gag on it

some before. It might not be at least what -ts

Dear Is

A question like 'What's Wrong With Comics?' lacks all answers since the category: what came first, the chicken or the egg? But what you're really asking is 'Where's the Roast Beef?' Indeed, -ts Comics are secure, but the comic world is not. The people holding our interest are the people who left that world to re-explore their talent. The Renaissance you ask for must best not concentrate on changing the way

Steve Macintosh

Dear Sirs and Madam:

We don't see many of the new comics up here, so we really can't say what's wrong [illegible] medium, but those who will talk have very [illegible] were very hard to believe. Subsequent re[illegible] there is only truth.

[illegible] they're incapable of malice or goodness. The people who do them, though, are going

Windsor McCay

P.S. And sending us Karen Carpenter was cruel and unnatural harassment! If you'll take her back, we'll arrange for Harvey Kurtzman to live until he's 600.

artists. First off, all the new "up and coming" [illegible] and fortune at work in the industry, where is there room for creativity? Everyone wants to [illegible] comics [illegible] lingly portrayed by the old EC-type comics. These artists weren't hoping to get rich, they were hoping to work! They used their own minds and not other people's. Capitalism in [illegible] financier says, "Screw you, bub, we'll just buy something else!" Comics will die until a real visionary capitalist steps forward. Any takers?

LYNCH

Cheerleader for Change

The Timothy Leary Interview

by Michael Simmons

In the 1960s Timothy Leary advised you to be a cheerleader for evolution. In the 1990s, anyone who has the message to turn on, tune in, and drop out," thereby making him, in the eyes of the public and media, one of the major philosophers/kings of the hippies. Others have labeled him a showbiz guru a P. T. Barnum of the circus of the mind. For almost ten years he was hounded by unscrupulous law enforcement agencies. Today he is a free man with an incredible tale to tell.

That tale is told in *Flashbacks*, J. P. Tarcher). Timothy Leary's autobiography. Leary crams as many experiences as he can into 397 pages. From the night of his conception to the present, Leary's book reads like an epic in terms of the width, scope, and variety of his adventures. He was a rebellious kid, but a brilliant student. He became a highly respected psychologist and won an appointment to Harvard. While there, he discovered the mind-altering power of drugs. This changed his life. He got booted out of Harvard and went on to promote the psychedelic revolution with the fervor of Mohammed selling Hadacol from the back of a medicine show wagon only this time, the magic elixir worked. Predictably, the authorities pursued him and he ended up in the pokey. Once he made a daring escape, aided by the Weatherfreaks. He ended up in Algeria with Eldridge Cleaver and the Black Panthers, who soon afterwards put him under house arrest for being "counter-revolutionary." He got out of that bind but was later recaptured in Afghanistan and sent back to the States. After a few more years of incarceration, he was released, some claim because he snitched. He denies it, claiming he only told the FBI names and places they already knew. Recently, he's been on the lecture circuit with Gordon Liddy, famed Watergate burglar/linguist. As an Assistant DA of Dutchess County in New York State, Liddy busted Leary at his infamous Millbrook estate in 1966.

Leary and I met at his publicist's office in New York. I got sandwiched between Jade Pauley and *Time*. Therefore, the interview was a little rushed, but we were able to touch on some of the more fascinating topics, especially his friendship with Mary Pinchot Meyer, the slain alleged mistress of John F. Kennedy.

He's an unflagging self-promoter — he must have mentioned the title *Flashbacks* twenty-five times in forty-five minutes. Overall, I found him to be a vibrant, charming man. He's sixty-two, but he has the energy of an enthusiastic [illegible] He's a [illegible] ed scientist with a sincere desire for radical, yet, peaceful change. He's affected everyone's life, whether they know it or not. I told him he was a very American hero, with all that that implies. He laughed and said [illegible] Thanking me once [illegible] eighth interval and hanging on the [illegible] the hour [illegible] the [illegible] minutes.

Michael Simmons

"I'm a positive paranoic. I think we're surrounded by a conspiracy of bigotry and greed"

MM: Have any of the Harvard people responsible for your expulsion

TL: Amazingly enough, the last week of May was the twentieth anniversary of the capping of Richard Alpert [Baba Ram Dass], and David McClelland, the chairman of the department who fired me, tion. The whole thing was sold out. Hundreds of students rolling

TL: No. They said it was part of the times and that we

same branch of the CIA that was funding the horrible LSD studies very active in paying Harvard students twenty-five dollars to

TL: Most professors are there for tenure. They're part of the agency.

MM: Surprises are supposed to have dirty hands

MM: You tell the story in *Flashbacks* of Mary Pinchot Meyer and

advocate would be a success.

MM: That's been revealed before.

TL: Well, Jane Pauley hadn't heard of it. Maybe.

MM:

TL: No, no.

MM: About Mary Pinchot Meyer.

TL: The Mary Pinchot Meyer issue is going to become very im

his personal life, many unknown facts are going to be brought up to flesh out the myth of JFK. You're going to hear a lot about Mary she assassinated? Why was it covered up? And why was her rela

MM: In the early stages, Ms. Meyer came to you at Harvard and

influential people who wanted to see what LSD experiments, which were legal at the time, could be. How deep were her ties with

TL: She had been married for many years to Cord Meyer. There are a lot of reasons to believe that he is Mr. CIA. Mr. Chief of the still, even though he's retired, the leading CIA spokesman. And of course, being the gray-haired bureaucrat, the last thing he wants in the world is any publicity. Cord, Mary, Kennedy—the whole thing is more exciting than a James Bond story. And then the fact that James Angleton, who was the CIA's dirty tricks specialist, went to Mary's

a Kennedy assassination buff either. But obviously there are questions and we get a little uneasy when we feel that people are covering

MM: Have you made any attempt to get in touch with Cord Meyer?

TL: No. I'm going to, the next book I write. I'm going to take up some of these mysteries. When Lawrence Schiller's over 2,000 pages. They were cut down to about 500. It's like a movie you shoot

the American people what's been going on in the sixties. I think it's the first definitive book on the sixties. There's a lot to be said about that wonderful time and the wonderful things that are going to come

TL: Number one: Manson spent seventeen of his first thirty-three

everything was loose and open and vulnerable. He brought with him that poison philosophy of toughness and violence, and his script was

talked to him, he was quoting the Bible—the Book of Revelations,

had many conversations with him from cell to cell but he was not really ready to listen. I was in no position to give him a lecture and

as and I have deep affection for him. If he walked in the room right now I would laugh, get up, clap hands, and say 'What new line have you got Eldridge? Lay it down for us, brother. Whose flag are we saluting right now? Praise the Lord. Laughter

TL: I feel wonderful. See, we won the game. Every one of those men – Nixon, Agnew, Lesly, J. Edgar Hoover – right down the line cracked up disgraced. Right this minute. I'm more influential than any of them are. So, the game is over and we won. Now, if the game is over and you're doing a locker room interview with the victorious ——— then you don't feel bitter that they tackled you out of bounds in the first quarter and that time they twisted your knee in

secretly people in that book that write about that are still here. And for many of them, it's their testimony. Their claim to fame in ten,

"I'm very much into video games and computers. It's like drugs in the sixties."

TL: Yeah. They were putting pressure on me as a form of harrass-

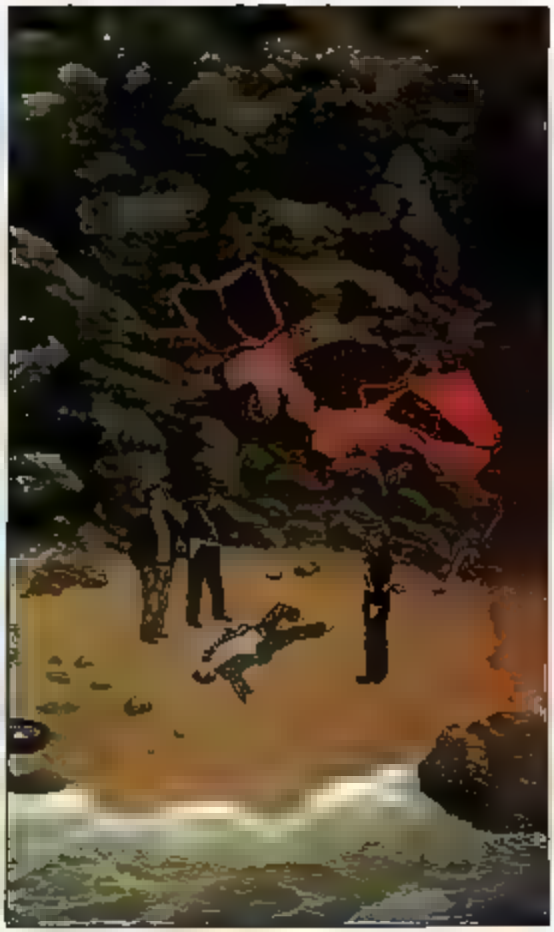
[illegible]

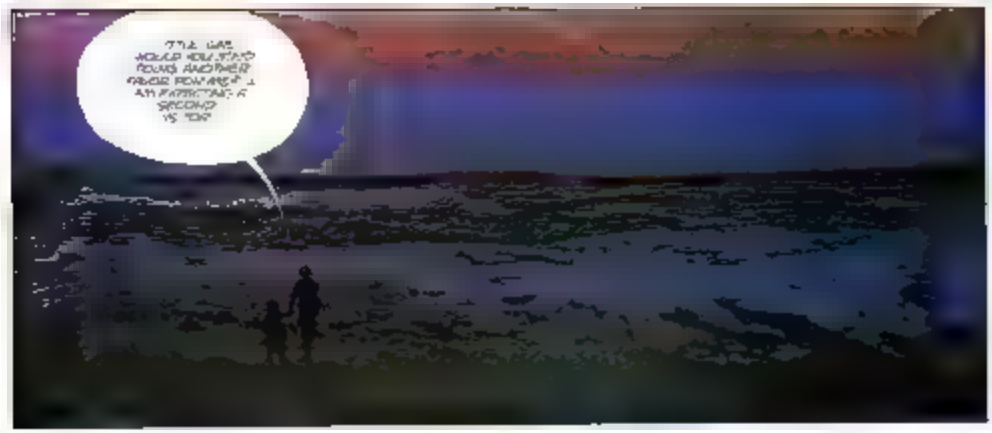
[illegible]

[illegible]

Nimble Fingers

I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK OF YOU. CAN YOU DRIVE?
I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK OF YOU. CAN YOU FOLLOW ME?





WRITTEN BY
MICHAEL MAY

ART BY
ROBERT BERRYMAN

AFTER THE FIRST EIGHT PLANS...
CAN THE WORLD SURVIVE WHEN...
BELA LUGOSI
VAMPIRA
TEAM UP IN
PLAN NINE
FROM
OUTER SPACE

BYE BYE

BEHOLD THE FANTASY!

Enter the world of Greg Hildebrandt!

1 Winged Messenger

Available signed for $9.95 (limited edition). Unsigned $5.95. 22" x 28" overall size on gallery-quality stock paper

2 Angel of the Gods

Once a *Heavy Metal* cover, now available signed for $9.95 (limited edition). Unsigned $5.95. 22" x 28" overall size on gallery-quality stock paper

3 Totentanz

Available signed for $9.95 (limited edition). Unsigned $5.95. 22" x 28" overall size on gallery-quality stock paper

SPECIAL The first 1500 orders of all three prints will receive one of three different parchment prints signed by both Greg and Tim Hildebrandt!

Hildebrandt Posters
Heavy Metal, Dept. 882
635 Madison Avenue
New York NY 10022

Please send me the following:

Signed poster(s) for $9.95 (plus $2.50 postage and handling per poster): #1 #2 #3

Unsigned poster(s) for $5.95 (plus $2.50 postage and handling per poster): #1 #2 #3

I have enclosed $ total due.

Name

Address

City State Zip

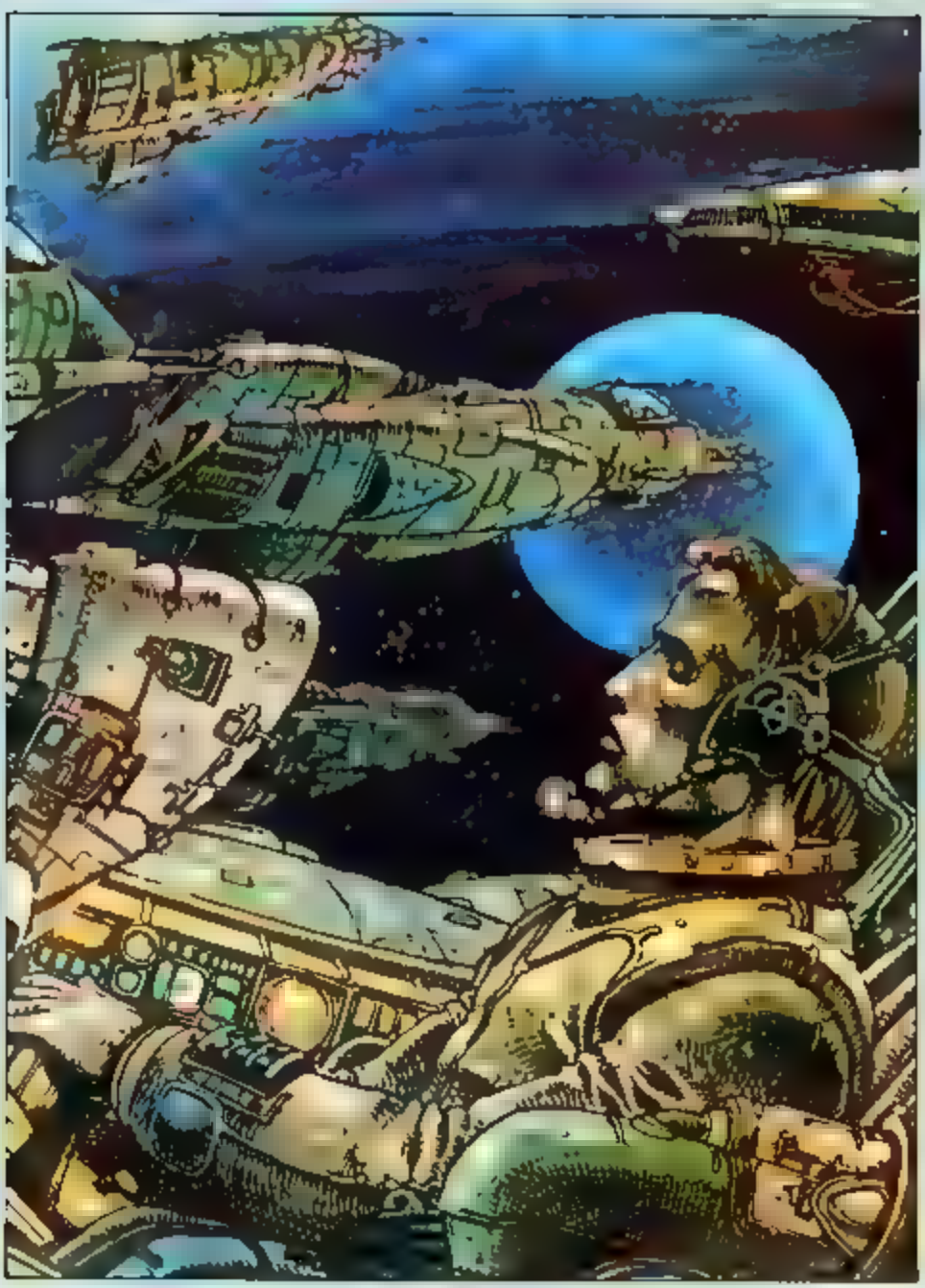
Checks must be payable within the U.S. or Canada.

Gallery:

Enki Bilal Enters the World of Hardcore Science Fiction

A cover illustration Bilal did for the French juvenile book, *La Journée d'un Journaliste Américain en 2889* (*A Day in the Life of an American Journalist in 2889*) (1978)

A cover for a French edition of H. G. Wells's *The War of the Worlds*, 1977.

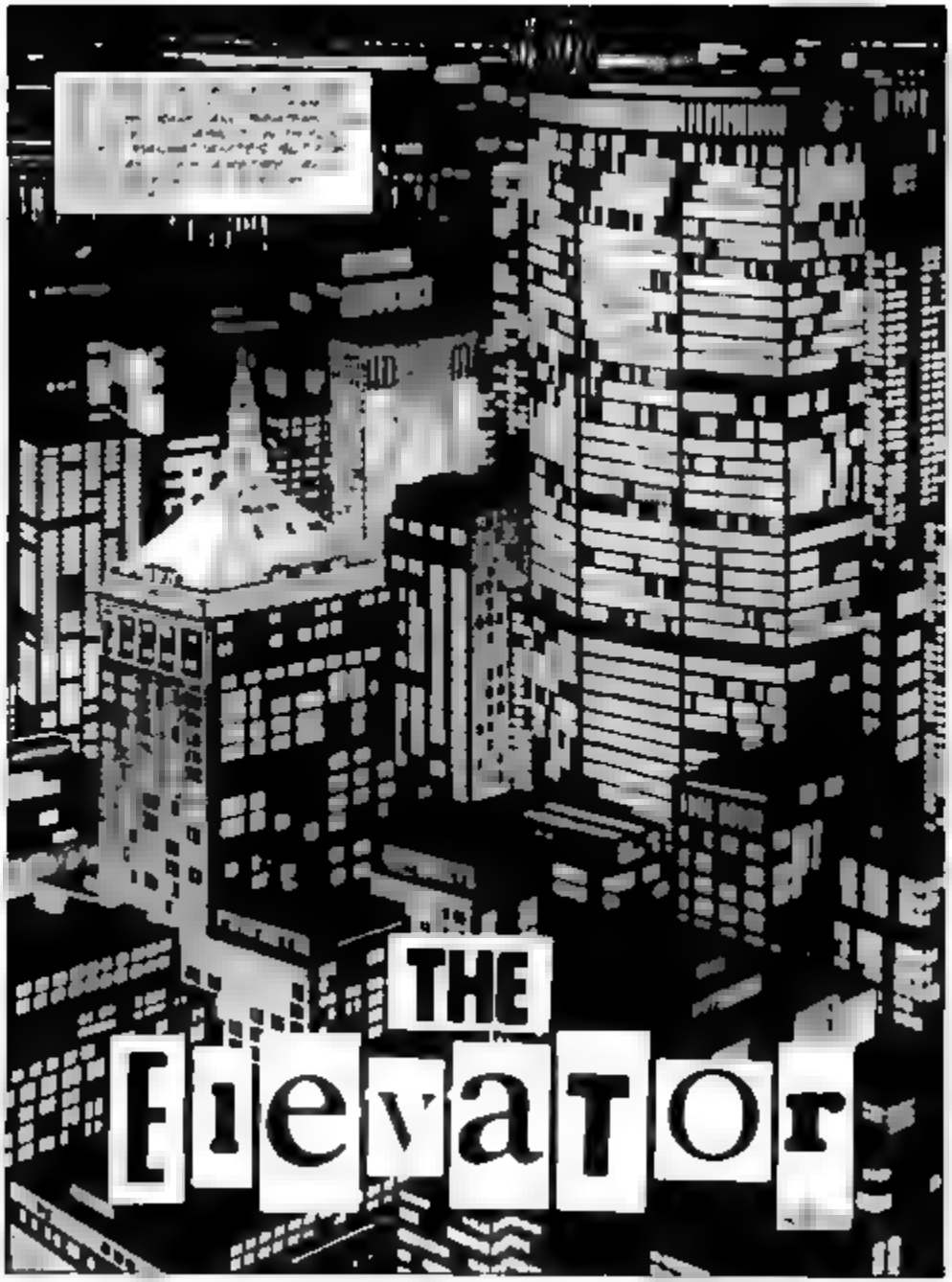


In pursuit of the Slans, from A. E. Van Vogt's book Slan (1951)

The Pitch: a cover for one of Frazer's premier comic magazines. Pitch (1979)

A cover illustration for Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* (1979)

A cover for a French edition of H. G. Wells's The Invisible Man (1972)

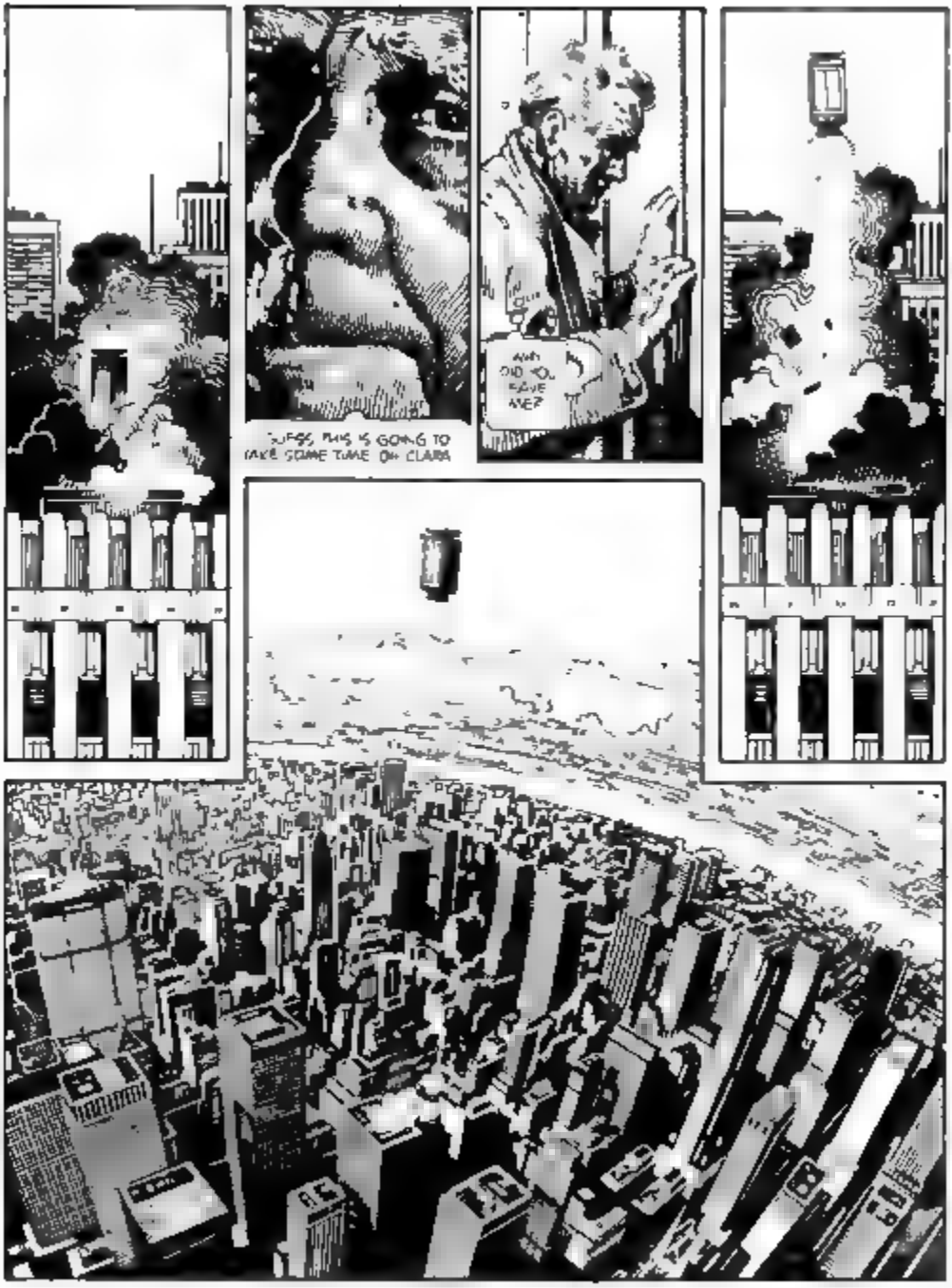

THE
Elevator

SONY
SONY

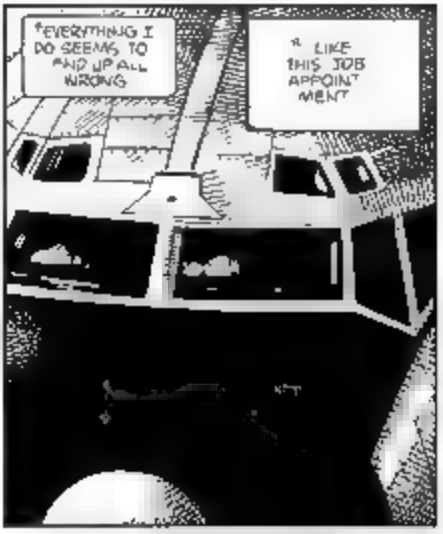
US GOVERNMENT

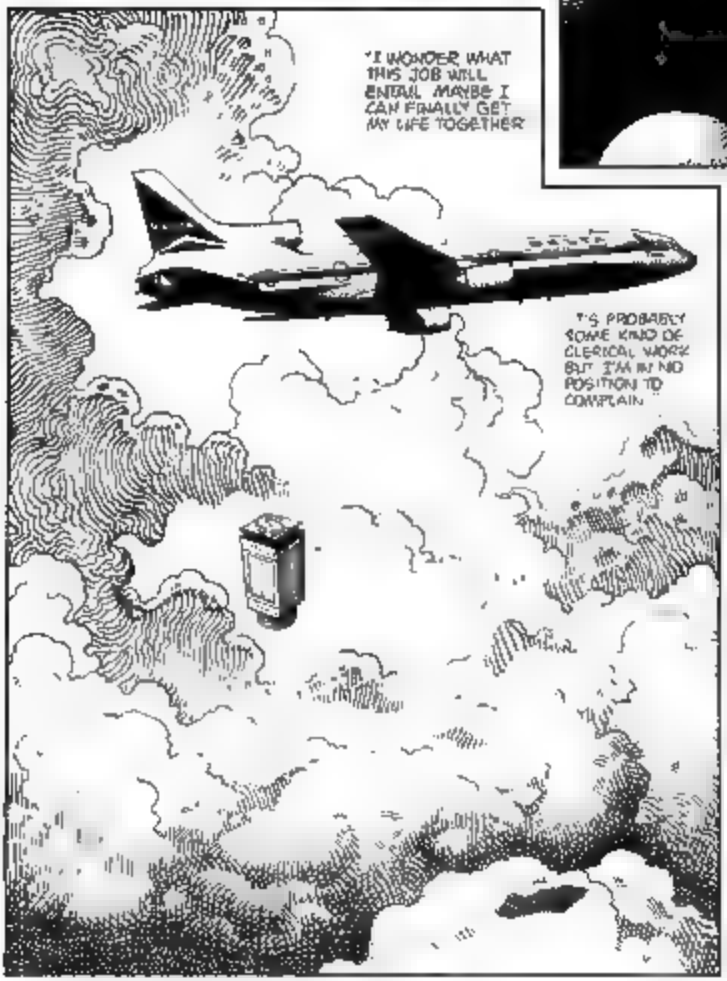
The New York Times

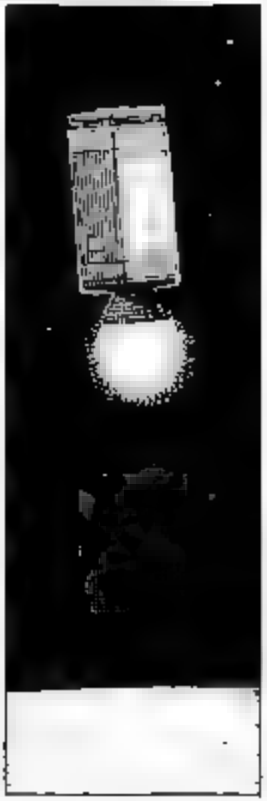
2
5
10
16

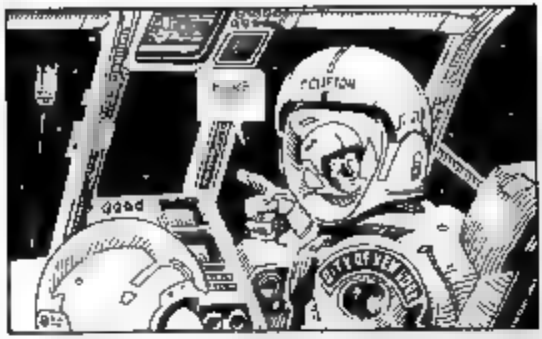

I GUESS THIS IS GOING TO TAKE SOME TIME OH CLARA
AND DID YOU HAVE AVE?

I'M SO LOST WITHOUT YOU. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO HOLD A JOB IN THREE YEARS.


EVERYTHING I DO SEEMS TO END UP ALL WRONG
I LIKE THIS JOB APPOINTMENT

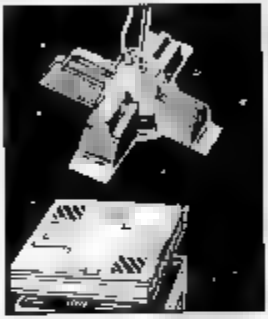

I WONDER WHAT THIS JOB WILL ENTAIL. MAYBE I CAN FINALLY GET MY LIFE TOGETHER
IT'S PROBABLY SOME KIND OF CLERICAL WORK BUT I'M IN NO POSITION TO COMPLAIN



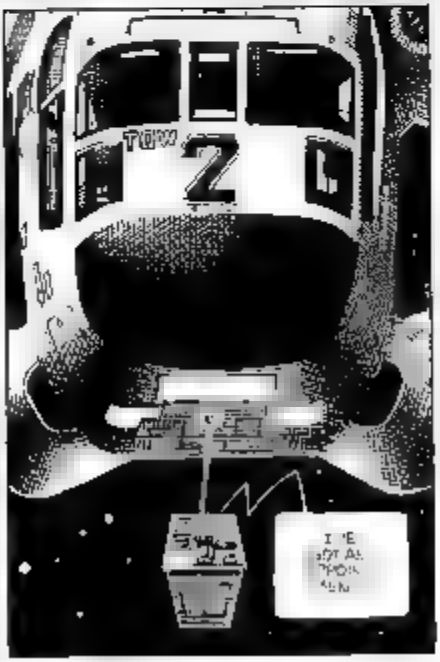

CLIFTON
CITY OF NEW YORK

WELL
FINALLY
WE'RE
GOING
UP
SAM

POOK!
CLANK



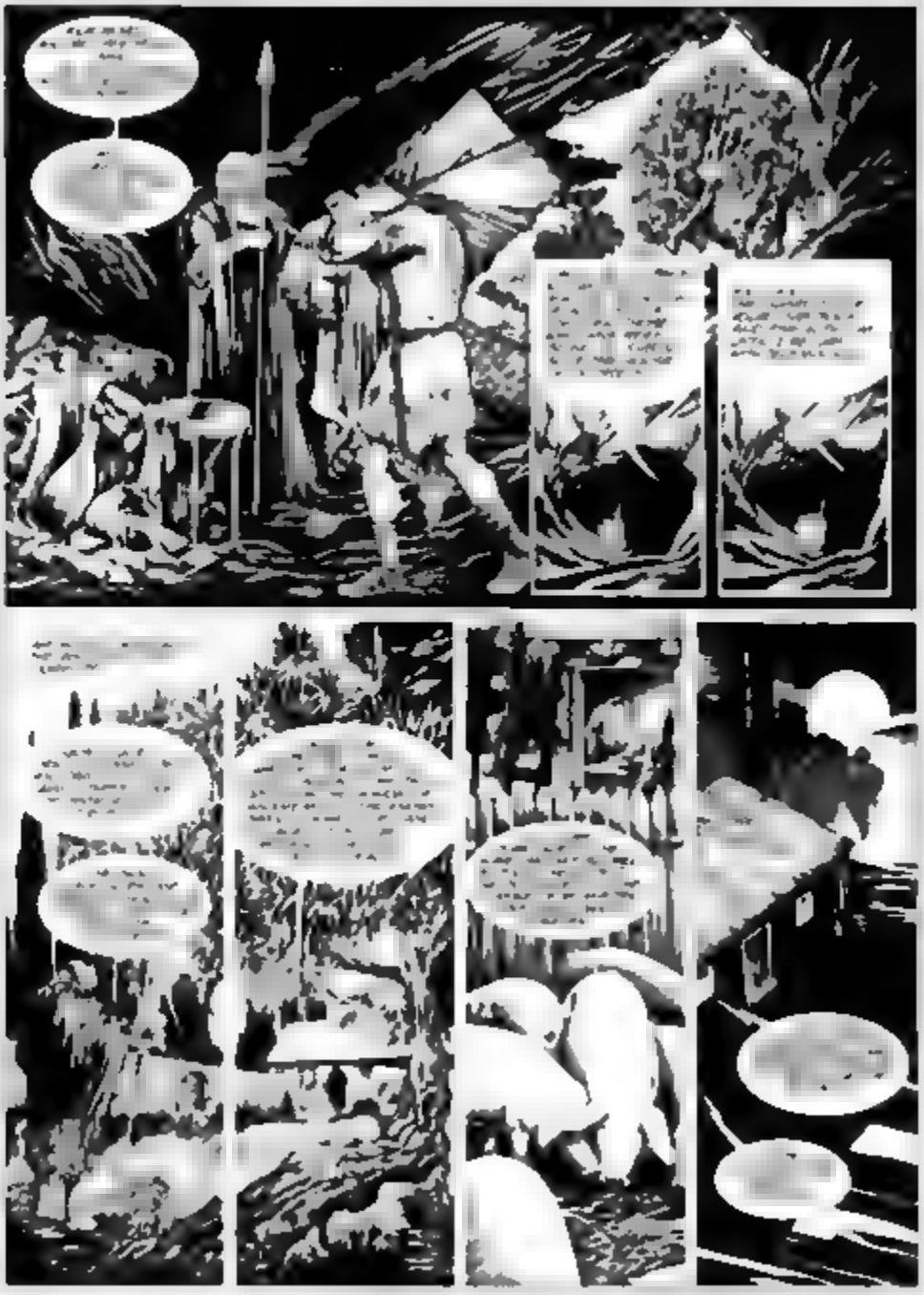
KLANK!


TOW
2

LET ME
OUT OF
HERE!

POPULATION CONTROL

THE ODYSSEY
BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO
AND JOSÉ SALURI



I DON'T BELIEVE NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO DO IT
THIS GAME IS OVER, FRIENDS! NOW WE HAVE OTHER TARGETS TO HIT! THE HOUR OF REVENGE IS UPON US!

DEATH STUDIO MASKS!

Please send me the following masks to:

☐ Jokin	$50.00	☐ The Originals	$40.00
☐ Goblin	$55.00	☐ Monstrosities	$45.00
☐ Zippy	$40.00	☐ Special FX Series	$45.00
☐ Nightbeast	$45.00	☐ Face Masks	$35.00
		☐ Club Head	$35.00

Name

Address

City State Zip

Please add $3.50 per mask for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental US. (New York State residents please add 8¼% sales tax.

Death Studios
Heavy Metal Dept. HM1
535 Middleneck Avenue
Port Washington, NY 11050

The Third Song — God's Tower

by Arno and Jodorowsky

IT'S NO LONGER A QUESTION OF YOUR PHYSICAL ABILITY IT'S A YOUR HEART A LEAP OF FAITH YOUR HEART
IF YOU LOOK DEEP ENOUGH YOU WILL FIND SELF PERCEPTION IN YOUR HEART LEARN TO KNOW IT IS YOUR ETHEREAL BODY AND NOW!
CONCENTRATE!

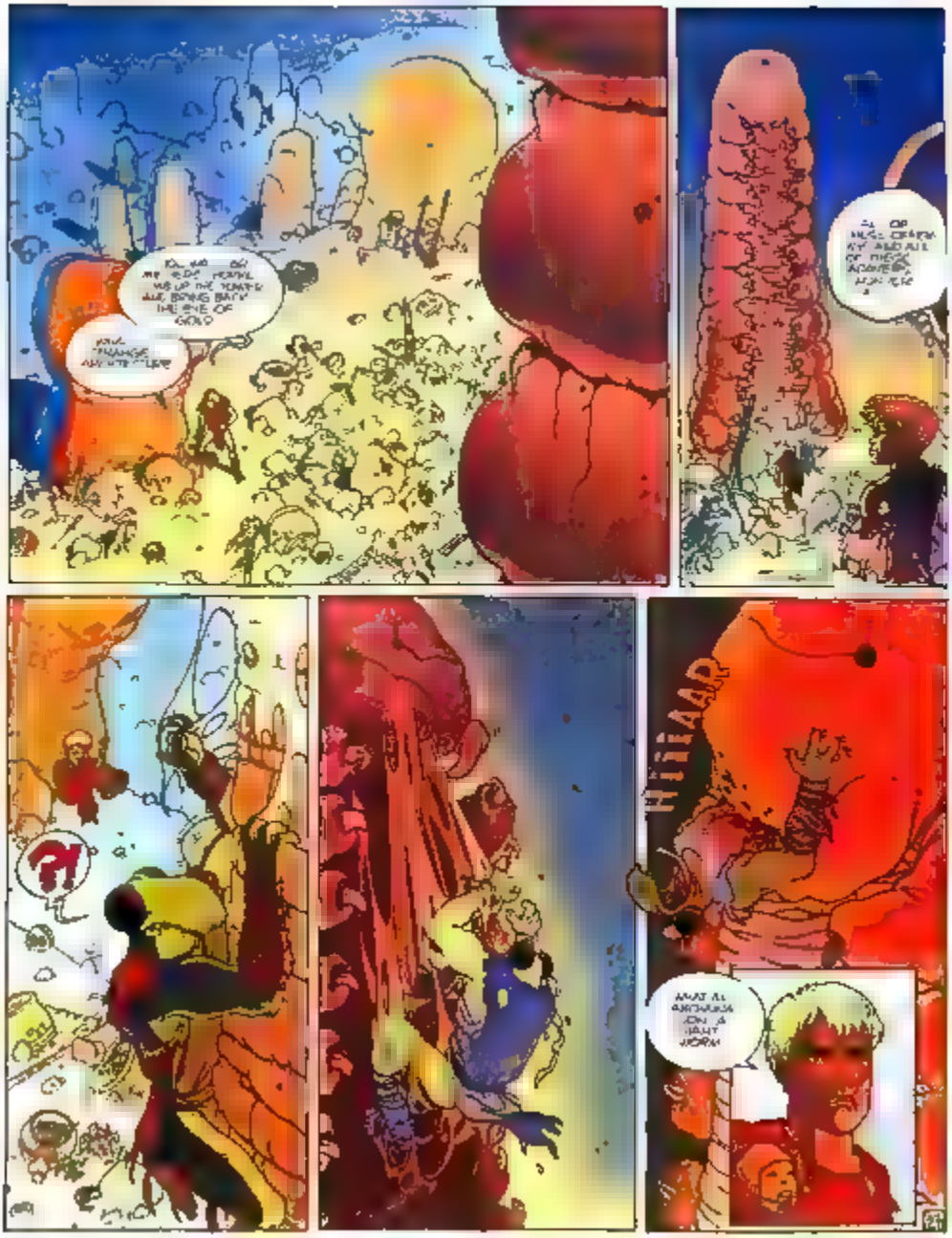
AT BE KIL BE A REPEAT TAL
YES! NOW I KNOW I CAN DO IT! I'LL CHANGE MY ARMS AND LEGS BUT WHAT GOOD WILL THAT BE? I CAN'T EVEN MOVE A STEP!
I MUST FIGHT MY ENEMY AND I NEVER BE ABLE TO
EXCUSE ME SIR... MAYBE WE HAVE A SOLUTION SOON OUR PEOPLE IN THE VALLEY OF THE SNAKE WILL WHEN THEY WILL BE FREE BY CHAR GET THE GREAT ONE HE SHALL
AS IS HE ONE OF THE SOUL WHO HAVE BEEN PERSECUTED AND HUNTED BY THE EVIL QUEEN WHO HELD POWER IN THE GOOD TOWER? LEGEND TELLS US THAT A SHOWL
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO? SPEAK! TELL ME QUICKLY! I DO NOT LIKE TO BE KEPT IN THE DARK. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, MASTER?
WE SHALL WAIT FOR HIM!

MEANWHILE, ON THE SPY OF M'M MAGGLE
PERHAPS YOU HOPE TO RETURN TO YOUR NATIVE SATELLITE ONE DAY AND A
YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT THE INTERNAL FLUX ON HIS OF THIS VESSEL WON'T BE GOOD WITH
AND YOU WILL BELIEVE THAT I AM GOING TO LET YOU GO?
WHATEVER YOU CAN BUT I STILL AM SURE THAT SOMEONE WILL COME AND RESCUE ME
MEANWHILE, FAR, FOLLOWING THE PASSAGE OF ALEF, MAG MAKING SOME MAGICAL SIGNS
WAIT!! HE HAS INDEED! HE HAS JUST MISSED THE TWIST OF FATE WITHOUT BEING AFRAID. HE IS GO MAG TO RETURN TRAPPED BY CHARISMA
COME LOSER! LITTLE STICK OF MAN

YOU ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE IN SEARCH OF THE EYE OF GOLD. THE VOYAGE WILL BE LONG AND DANGEROUS.
BUT, YOU WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY MY THREE BRAVEST WARRIORS
THE OLD MAN WAS RIGHT. THE EYE OF GOLD WAS AT THE TOP OF A VERY HIGH MOUNTAIN.
EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE AGAINST THEM AND ONE NIGHT WITHOUT ANY WARNINGS, DEATH DECIDED TO VISIT

KRRRR
?
HAN?

LOOK!


HIIIAAD
?

POOR LITTLE CREATURE. I AM GIVING YOU ONE CHANCE TO BE SAVED. BREATH ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO ANSWER ONE SIMPLE QUESTION. RUN SHOULD'VE I EAT YOU?
!?
YOU CAN'T EAT ME. IF I AM YOU
AND AS A CONSUMED BEING OF CONSCIOUSNESS AND ENERGY, ALEF TRAUTA'S ABILITY TO FEED ON CONSCIOUSNESS IS NIL
WHEN TAKES THE FORM OF A HEAVY SET MAN IS FOUND BY GOD, CONFRONTED WITH THIS MAN-GOD IMAGE SHE PANICS
SKRRD
ALEF TRAUTA, OOK
BEFORE ALL THE GODS, I HAVE CONQUERED!
HE CAN BE KILLED

IT IS HOPELESS
ALEF THAT THE WEIGHT OF YOUR SINS THE DIE IS TOO MUCH FOR YOU
FINE I'LL DROP ME THEM, AND LEAVE
LOOK HE WORE INVULNERABLE SELF
HE'S ATTACKING US
OH THE CONTRARY HANDS ID BE EVE OR GOD, WE IS GOING TO BRING US BACK
AND AT THE END OF A FEW DAYS
A SLIGHT FLUTTER FLY
IN WE'RE HEARING YOU ALEF THAT
IOS THEY WILL CERTAINLY BE FRIENDFUL TO WE UN'L DEATH
BU WE ARE NOT YET STRONG ENOUGH TO CONFRONTION NEW ROMANUS

OVER HERE!
LOOK!

#1/APRIL 77 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 77 Russian astronauts Roger the censored puppet Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival and more

#3/JUNE 77 Macedo's Rock Bitz highly praised Snails Be Gnoming of Dave's 'World Apart' Moebius Corben Bode, more

#4/JULY 77 Lots of Moebius & Jaz'ch, part of The Long Tomorrow conclusion of 'Sunpot'

#5/AUGUST 77 The saga of 'Polonius' begins. The Long Tomorrow concludes and 'World Apart' and 'Den' continue

#6/SEPTEMBER 77 Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera plus more 'World Apart' Den and Polonius

#7/OCTOBER 77 Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon Moebius Airtight Garage 'Den' and 'Polonius' back again yet more

#8/NOVEMBER 77 New Heavier Elsewhere section 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions to 'Polonius' and 'World Apart'

#9/DECEMBER 77 Extra pages for the complete issue by Druillet 'Fortune's Fool' by Chaykin and Wrightson, plus full-color Corben Mezzedo, Clevelous and Moebius

#10/JANUARY 78: Morrow multiplies Zelazny, Lee and Richard upcoming lifestyle, 'Conquering Armies' concludes, 'Den' continues

#11/FEBRUARY 78: New adventures of 'Bamaraki' whirlaround cover and center spread by Nrapgus Moebius, Corben et al

#12/MARCH 78 Groundbreaking Orion debuts courtesy of Gray Morrow, more 'Barbarella' Jam and Den

#13/APRIL 78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from 'Paradise 2' and 'Barbarella' Dirkstein, while 'Den' wraps it up.

#14/MAY 78: Jim the Mad paves bye-bye, but Orion and 'Barbarella' continue and Alex Nino appears!

#15/JUNE 78: Corben showcases Shakespeare Sturgeon's classic 'More Than Human' is illustrated more 'Barbarella' and the origins of 'Heavier'

#16/JULY 78 A happy ending for Barbarella, a sad ending for 1999, resumption of Druillet's 'Delirius' more 'Heavier' 'Orion' More Than Human and Corben's 'Arabian Nights'

#17/AUGUST 78: SORRY! SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 78: SORRY SOLD OUT

#19/OCTOBER 78: 'Enternerkar I?' Ellison's illustrated 'Glass Bobbin' debut of Nicola's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' plus more!

#20/NOVEMBER 78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin Empire more 'Sindbad' Eisner Alcatraz Wright 'Heavier' & Druillet/Jodo more

#21/DECEMBER 78 The shocking 4 tie with Orion silverprint Tarot and 32 beautiful pages of Moebius

#22/JANUARY '79: The long debuts here and Druillet concludes 'Gaspar Mollo and Corben How much can you take?

#23/FEBRUARY 79 'Galactic Gargoyles' Starstream Corben's Sindbad Mickey's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' plus Moebius, Bilal and Macedo

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin skyshaking Bester's 'The Stars My Destination' Starstream II and Ellison's New show

#25/APRIL 79: SORRY SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY 79 It's all-American 'Escape for Dracula's Dancers' and a Pichaul pullout 15 artists including Corben Morrow, the illustrated Alien

#27/JUNE 79: SORRY SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY 79: Bode's 'Zooks' premieres, Corben's Sindbad concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue Mike Ploog debuts.

#29/AUGUST 79 Cuze steals show with 'New Art Cop' plus Mayerik Snyder Galactic Geographic Book more

#30/SEPTEMBER 79 'Elric' Buck Rogers a wizard manga 'Elric' and 'Little Red V-3' alongside Moebius and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER 79: A Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia Druillet Snyder others

#32/NOVEMBER 79: Let's give thanks for Corben's Revolt Bode's Zooks Brunner's 'Time Changers' The Stars My Destination Moebius, and more

#33/DECEMBER 79: A Christmas package from Cuze, Corben Ryland, Snyder Bilal, Trina Moebius and Elrian

#34/JANUARY 80: A new year new decade begins with new look for HM with debut of 8 new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan conclusion of Corben's 'Revolt' and much more

#35/FEBRUARY 80 An eerie Caswell cover adorns the winter issue Corben's 'The Ballad of Wyatt Dodge' begins. Metal experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Nigh How with a great package

#36/MARCH 80: Why did The Cleveland Indians Japanese? Read the Schuster Bros. strip Plus Corben Morrow Moebius and Lee Marrs Good Vibrations

#37/APRIL '80 Our 3rd anniversary issue 32 pages of Chamberlain's Living Color, high enjoyment of Moebius & Airtight Garage plus Cuze Bilal Howarth Corben Bode and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Arak ever find out? Will Champaboo reach the Dot of Jade? Will Joe Bowie out with the alien Martian too? We'll never tell!

#39/JUNE '80 Champaboo meets his fate while Captain Scarlet saves the day and a new revenge the Flying Waterskiers vs. Fate!

#40/JULY '80: The Alchemist Supreme continues, Arak learns much about sadistic Nurpy Bear's Progress begins and Moebius returns with Shaka Laird

#41/AUGUST 80: Druillet returns with the 1st instalment of Salamandre while Moebius concludes Shaka Laird and is interviewed! Bilal continues 'Progress!'

#42/SEPTEMBER 80: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's Progress picks up steam Enki Color Revolution and Den ensure contribute richly stories while Rock Opera gets stranger yet

#43/OCTOBER 80: SORRY SOLD OUT!

#44/NOVEMBER 80: With the Sorcerer sort, shaze the issue's cover by Hayme Sorgenal is definitely in its element inside we give you some lovely Clevelous Moebius Kaluta Spurgeon and Bilal

#45/DECEMBER '80: SORRY SOLD OUT!

#46/JANUARY 81: SORRY SOLD OUT!

#47/FEBRUARY '81: SORRY SOLD OUT!

#48/MARCH 81 Tor Arcana John Kingley's epic Western begins 'What is Really Papa?' and The Ambassador of the Shadows continues Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic Salammbo ends. Plus, Harlan Ellison's evil unfolds as he lays on violence in America

#49/APRIL 81: Air and Its Allies, Corben's Bloodstar Brunner's 'Good-bye Soccer' Harry Harrison's Stories from London, and an interview with Jules Riemy Don think we could do it a one shot deal?

#50/MAY 81 Premiers of Chaykin's 'Cody Starbuck' and 'Grails' The Wyndham Files! Plus Sundance's The Tall Bridge and Wrightson's Bumaugha on immortality

#51 JUNE 81: The 11 part of the Richard Corben Warrior Jon Shaza's adaptation of Dalton's memoirs Howarth's 'Changes' wraps up Plus Cazh Chaykin Crossed and our own John Workman!

#52/JULY 81: SORRY - SOLD OUT

#53/AUGUST 81 SORRY - SOLD OUT!

#84/SEPTEMBER '81 SORRY SOLD OUT

#85/OCTOBER 81 SORRY SOLD OUT

#86/NOVEMBER '81 [illegible] Egg of the Wing. Jon Hones begrudges and Bela all theme the art [illegible] and Dave Gillen [illegible]

#87/DECEMBER 81 SORRY SOLD OUT

#88/JANUARY 82 Our Happy Funny issue includes Army Surplus Wars the and Cullen and The Autonomous Man by Dave [illegible] and the and Barlow. An unpublished Phantom and Chapter [illegible] Stephenson

#89/FEBRUARY 82 Boy [illegible] a hollow adventure by John Dodge - The Wizard Light Wave and Chaos and Galactic Patrol gets young again - Rusty Burns and Jonah Schuyler [illegible]

#90/MARCH 82 Our [illegible] Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Wagner's [illegible] & the Day a [illegible] Is born in the pit of your stomach Lust Control & Nova Dragons Blood Weights by [illegible] the Eyes of Pain and [illegible] Spectacular. Our Rock Opera [illegible] Frey

#91/APRIL 82 Out for [illegible] Lazy issue where a bunch of mutants and things and [illegible] Deadline Merchant [illegible] and an essay on [illegible] Richard [illegible] Bakshi [illegible]

#92/MAY 82 In the issue we give away the [illegible] of Dick Wagner's Flint Series. Here also [illegible] and Ian [illegible] The Rock of Ages [illegible] Paul Sellers and [illegible] Ed Bryant [illegible] and [illegible]

#93/JUNE 82 We proudly bring you our Fantastic new issue that [illegible] Sweden and Is Crying is [illegible] by Dick Wagner's Flint [illegible] Fantastic Plus Jones [illegible] Druillet etc

#94/JULY 82 Welcome and a [illegible] to the Cretan and Dragon [illegible] Fantastic Plus Jones [illegible] Druillet etc

#95/AUGUST 82 We proudly present Jones and Bergeron [illegible] Space Opera and Pete and Mike [illegible] Age [illegible] the Apple [illegible] The Dragonriders of Pern [illegible] Jodorowsky [illegible]

#96/SEPTEMBER 82 We [illegible] our new [illegible] Mark's [illegible] Face [illegible] Bergeron a Jungle Clown Pete on [illegible] Rudy Fernandez, [illegible]

#97/OCTOBER 82 On the [illegible] Dave [illegible] reading [illegible] horror [illegible] as pulp, [illegible] [illegible] Pete [illegible] the western [illegible] [illegible] Dark [illegible] alone [illegible] as part [illegible] Dick Wagner [illegible]

#98/NOVEMBER 82 Part [illegible] Nature [illegible] Angels [illegible] and Devils [illegible] [illegible] Dave [illegible] Chaykin [illegible] Pete [illegible] poet [illegible] Nebula [illegible] [illegible]

#99/DECEMBER 82 [illegible] Steve [illegible] the Return of Nyarlathotep [illegible] Richard Glen Plus our regular Cartoon Fantasy and [illegible] award

#100/JANUARY 83 We bring the strange conclusion to the [illegible] Frank Stein, a look at the Dark Crystal and our regulars Metal Cretan Fantasy and Happy reading

#101/FEBRUARY 83 The next big of the 100 [illegible] Rob Dietz's Talking Radio and our regulars Corben Ramos Druillet and

#102/MARCH 83 We [illegible] a lot of [illegible] to Dan and Keith and a warm welcome to Bebe's City Star Dept [illegible] a Gallery by Robert Williams Joni Mendez Kaluta and more

#103/APRIL 83 Monthly [illegible] the Invisible [illegible] Eye and Beauty The Obvious along with [illegible] & Crabbe and John Workman

#104/MAY 83 Kaluta and a stupendous Starwars Migration plus the above beautiful and the new work of Wagner and Pete's The Age Sandwich ready for heaven a fear [illegible] by Frank Frazetta and a back by Rick Griffin[illegible]

#105/JUNE 83 Jodorowsky's Dune, call the end of Chapter 1 the Man from Heaven, and a peek at the D [illegible] by Moebius, Starwynder

#106 JULY 83 [illegible] Ramones the end of Bilal's Starstruck, [illegible] the long [illegible] an interview with Dan O Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's Dinosaur [illegible]

#107 AUGUST 83 A [illegible] Jodorowsky's The Incal Love [illegible] Gothic Cretan [illegible] A Matter of Time [illegible] and Lapper Boudreaux is interviewed all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt [illegible]

#108/SEPTEMBER 83 An [illegible] and Nicholas and [illegible] Ford Coppola's Rusty Dagger's look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the [illegible] Thy [illegible]

HEAVY METAL

Dept HM 10-83
636 Madison Avenue
New York N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of issues	Back issues	Price
	May 1977	$4.00
	June 1977	$3.00
	July 1977	$3.00
	Aug. 1977	$3.00
	Sept. 1977	$3.00
	Oct. 1977	$3.00
	Nov. 1977	$3.00
	Dec. 1977	$3.00
	Jan. 1978	$3.00
	Feb. 1978	$3.00
	Mar. 1978	$3.00
	Apr. 1978	$3.00
	May 1978	$3.00
	June 1978	$3.00
	July 1978	$3.00
	Aug. 1978	$3.00
	Sept. 1978	$3.00
	Oct. 1978	$3.00
	Nov. 1978	$3.00
	Dec. 1978	$3.00
	Jan. 1979	$3.00
	Feb. 1979	$3.00
	Mar. 1979	$3.00
	Apr. 1979	$3.00
	May 1979	$3.00
	June 1979	$3.00
	July 1979	$3.00
	Aug. 1979	$3.00
	Sept. 1979	$3.00
	Oct. 1979	$3.00
	Nov. 1979	$3.00
	Dec. 1979	$3.00
	Jan. 1980	$3.00
	Feb. 1980	$3.00
	Mar. 1980	$3.00
	Apr. 1980	$3.00
	May 1980	$3.00
	June 1980	$3.00
	July 1980	$3.00
	Aug. 1980	$3.00
	Sept. 1980	$3.00
	Nov. 1980	$3.00
	Dec. 1980	$3.00
	Jan. 1981	$3.00
	Feb. 1981	$3.00
	Mar. 1981	$3.00
	Apr. 1981	$3.00
	May 1981	$3.00
	June 1981	$3.00
	July 1981	$3.00
	Aug. 1981	$3.00
	Sept. 1981	$3.00
	Oct. 1981	$3.00
	Nov. 1981	$3.00
	Dec. 1981	$3.00
	Jan. 1982	$3.00
	Feb. 1982	$3.00
	Mar. 1982	$3.00
	Apr. 1982	$3.00
	May 1982	$3.00
	June 1982	$3.00
	July 1982	$3.00
	Aug. 1982	$3.00
	Sept. 1982	$3.00

I enclose a total of $
This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are shipped in protective wrapping.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

If you do not want to cut the coupon at this ad, but do want to order, please send us type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

Beautiful Binders
For just $8.95 you get our old standby — a white vinyl binder with a picture of a naked girl and a grotesque monster on our own, more sophisticated black. Naked Lady binder with silver letters for just $8.95. Each one an attractive black full back issues (generally through December of 1979, 1980, 1981 and 1982 are $30.00 each), or simply what circulation may require as a Sunday check-up visit

HEAVY METAL

Dept HM 10-83
636 Madison Avenue
New York N.Y. 10022

Please send me as indicated by [illegible] or [illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	$5.95
[illegible]	$5.95
[illegible]	$5.95

ROCK OPERA

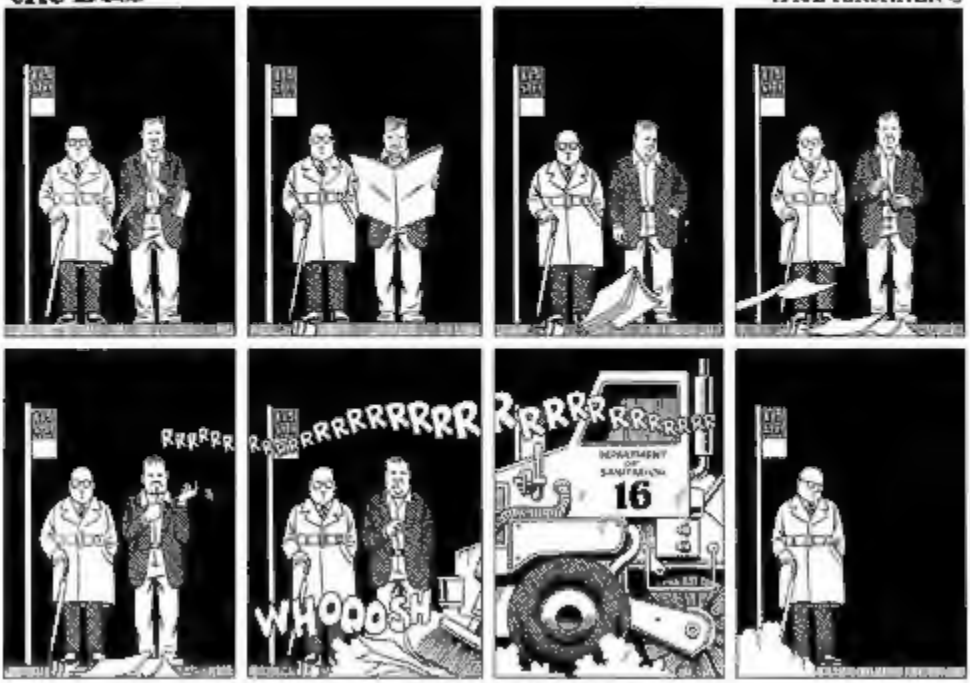
Why, I be the Dungeon-Master, slave. 'Tis my duty to monitor to y[illegible] your roles for the [illegible]
Of course not! I see myself as a wandering minstrel type, spreading gaiety and
[illegible] as you have been a great bearer.
Please, [illegible] thin
[illegible] have but three moments before [illegible] ended
Haste then not but don those rags and bags, or you shall weather to, retard
Suddenly [illegible] ear [illegible] rang the ugh out dungeon, and our bodies began to emit a faint glow.
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Swords were strapped to our sides, and then Marty and I were herded into a gladiatorial cage.
I stepped back--and bumped into the foul-tempered Plautilla.
What are you doing here? I thought you were supposed to be a slave-wench.
I followed you--to help you in The Game.I've sort of got a crush on you.
Me?Why me?I don't even have a real face.
I know.I like that-- I can just fill in the blanks to suit myself.
But even as she spoke,the gate of the cage began to open...

To Be Continued...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©



NEXT ISSUE:

Interview with WILL EISNER!
The return of CAZA!
VALENTINA begins, LOLLA continues, and RANXEROX concludes!

...Don't Get Caught Without Your HEAVY METAL!

Bernie Wrightson's Hanover Fiste and his ne'er-do-well accomplice Captain Sternn. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them on the golden screen, now see them coming and going. This durable, four-color cotton T-shirt is a must for the spring season.

The newest edition of HM fantasy wear—our silver, satin-like jacket, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too.

The original HM T-shirt comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. (Get more for your money that way!)

It's all in the name! Each weighty HM bronze belt buckle is 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt.

Now in! *Heavy Metal*'s new phosphorescent T-shirts! These all-cotton tees are available in "Muscle" (shown) or regular style black shirts. Each are $8.00 (including postage and handling). Order today! You never know when there might be another blackout and your HM T-shirt would be the only light source for miles around!

Heavy Metal
Dept. 963
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Please send me the following item(s):

Captain Sternn T-shirts ____ small ____ medium ____ large at $7.50 each.

Heavy Metal T-shirts ____ small ____ medium ____ large ____ red ____ black at $7.50 each.

Heavy Metal jackets ____ small ____ medium ____ large at $36.00 each.

Heavy Metal belt buckles at $10.95 each.

Phosphorescent T-shirts ____ small ____ medium ____ large ____ reg ____ "muscle" at $8.00 each.

All prices above include postage and handling.
New York State residents please add applicable sales tax. Total enclosed ____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you don't wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. And you don't think we were nice guys!

Pepe Moreno's THE ELEVATOR!

In Dossier: 48 HOURS director Walter Hill talks about his new STREETS OF FIRE and the sixties are revisited!